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E. F. Johnson

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ROBERT BURNS,
INCLUDING
SEVERAL PIECES . .
NOT INSERTED IN DR. CURRIE'S EDITION;
EXHIBITED UNDER
A NEW PLAN OF ARRANGEMENT,
AND PRECEDED BY
A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,
AND
A COMPLETE GLOSSARY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I,



BOSTON:
JAMES B. DOW

1834. by Google

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE present edition was undertaken by a gentleman with the view of presenting the public with the Poetical Works of *Burns* more methodically arranged, more copiously illustrated, and less expensive in the purchase, than they have yet appeared.

In comparing it with others, it will be found to possess several advantages.

I. It contains, besides a number of other pieces, not inserted in Dr. Currie's edition, *The Jolly Beggars*, a cantata replete with humorous description and discrimination of character, and inferior to no poem of the same length, in the English language. It likewise comprehends *Holy Willie's Prayer*, a piece of satire unequalled for exquisite severity, and felicitous delineation.

II. In the editions hitherto published, no regard is paid to method or classification. In this, the poems are disposed according to their respective subjects, and divided into five books.

III. Most of the poetry of Burns, though possessing an energy, a richness, and an ardour, which never fail to strike and captivate the mind, yet appears under great disadvantages to the English reader. Much of the fire, which warms and dazzles a native of Scotland, is to him necessarily lost by the obscurity of the language.

To obviate this as much as possible, a considerable number of words have been added to the *Glossary*, and several of the old definitions have been corrected or enlarged. A new *Life*, drawn up with care and fidelity, has likewise been prefixed.

Of an edition, thus enlarged and improved, it is unnecessary to say more. Should its utility be acknowledged, the editor will consider his exertions sufficiently rewarded. J. T.

London, Feb. 25, 1819.

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THE
LIFE
OF
ROBERT BURNS.

THERE is no poet of the present age more deservedly popular than Burns. Though born in an humble station in life, he raised himself, by the mere exertions of his mind, to the highest pitch of intellectual greatness. The originality of his genius, the energy of his language, and the richness of his imagination, merited the gratitude as well as the admiration of his countrymen. But his highest efforts, in which the tide of human feeling seemed to flow in deep and exhaustless channels, failed to soften the avarice of a mean and selfish aristocracy. Like his native and lonely hills, he was subject to every blast, and exposed naked and bare to every tempest. No refreshing showers came to rest upon his head, or to pour fertility into his bosom. He was an elevated point, round which the storm clung and gathered; a prominent rock condemned by nature as it were to endure the buffetings of the surge. Yet his rude splendour remained uninjured. Amidst the bitter wate

of indigence and sorrow, of drudgery and neglect, he produced those beautiful idylliums which will ever exist for the delight of the world; and which will never be read without an expansion of the understanding and of the heart.

Robert Burns was born on the 25th of January, 1759, in a cottage near the banks of the Doon, about two miles from Ayr. The chief incidents of his life are related, by himself, in a letter to Dr. Moore. In this document, and in several passages of his correspondence, he unfolds the vicissitudes of his fortune and the peculiarities of his character with great strength and clearness. Whoever would do justice to his memory, must copy his sentiments and his language.

“For some months past,” says he, “I have been rambling over the country; but I am now confined with some lingering complaints, originating, as I take it, in the stomach. To divert my spirits a little in this miserable fog of *ennui*, I have taken a whim to give you a history of myself. My name has made some little noise in his country; you have done me the honour to interest yourself very warmly in my behalf; and think a faithful account of what character of a man I am, and how I came by that character, may perhaps amuse you in an idle moment. I will give you an honest narrative; though I know it will be often at my own expense; for I assure you, sir, I have, like Solomon, whose character, excepting in the trifling affair of *wisdom*, I sometimes think I resemble; I have, I say, like him, *opened my eyes to behold madness and folly*, and, like him, too, frequently shaken hands with their intoxicating friendship. *** After you have read these pages, should you think them

trifling and impertinent, I only beg leave to tell you, that the poor author wrote them under some twitching qualms of conscience, arising from suspicion that he was doing what he ought not to do: a predicament he has more than once been in before.

“I have not the most distant pretensions to assume that character which the pye-coated guardians of escutcheons call a gentleman. When at Edinburgh, last winter, I got acquainted in the Herald’s Office, and, looking through that granary of honours, I there found almost every name in the kingdom; but for me,

———— My ancient but ignoble blood
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood.

Gules, Purpure, Argent, &c. quite disowned me.

“My father was of the north of Scotland, the son of a farmer, who rented lands of the noble Keiths of Marischal, and had the honour of sharing their fate. I do not use the word *honour* with any reference to political principles: *loyal* and *disloyal*, I take to be merely relative terms, in that ancient and formidable court, known in this country by the name of Club law, where the right is always with the strongest.—But those who dare welcome ruin, and shake hands with infamy, for what they sincerely believe to be the cause of their God, or their king, are, as Mark Antony says in Shakspeare of Brutus and Cassius, *honourable men*. I mention this circumstance, because it threw my father on the world at large.

“After many years’ wanderings and sojournings, he picked up a pretty large quantity of observation and experience, to which I an

indebted for most of my little pretensions to wisdom. I have met with few who understood *men, their manners, and their ways*, equal to him; but stubborn, ungainly integrity, and headlong, ungovernable irascibility, are disqualifying circumstances; consequently, I was born a very poor man's son. For the first six or seven years of my life, my father was gardener to a worthy gentleman of small estate, in the neighbourhood of Ayr. Had he continued in that station, I must have marched off to be one of the little underlings about a farm house: but it was his dearest wish and prayer to have it in his power to keep his children under his own eye till they could discern between good and evil; so, with the assistance of his generous master, my father ventured on a small farm on his estate. At those years I was by no means a favourite with any body. I was a good deal noted for a retentive memory, a stubborn sturdy something in my disposition, and an enthusiastic idiot piety. I say *idiot* piety, because I was then but a child. Though it cost the schoolmaster some thrashings, I made an excellent English scholar; and by the time I was ten or eleven years of age, I was a critic in substantives, verbs, and particles. In my infant and boyish days, too, I owed much to an old woman who resided in the family, remarkable for her ignorance, credulity and superstition. She had, I suppose, the largest collection in the country, of tales and songs concerning devils, ghosts, fairies, brownies, witches, warlocks, spunkies, kelpies, elf-candles, dead-lights, wraiths, apparitions, cantrips, giants, enchanted towers, dragons, and other trumpery. This cultivated the latent seeds of

poetry; but had so strong an effect on my imagination, that to this hour, in my nocturnal rambles, I sometimes keep a sharp look-out in suspicious places; and though nobody can be more skeptical than I am in such matters, yet it often takes an effort of philosophy to shake off these idle terrors. The earliest composition that I recollect taking pleasure in, was the Vision of Mirza, and a hymn of Addison's, beginning, 'How are thy servants blest, O Lord!' I particularly remember one half stanza, which was music to my boyish ear—

For though on dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave.

I met with these pieces in Mason's English Collection, one of my school books. The two first books I ever read in private, and which gave me more pleasure than any two books I ever read since, were the Life of Hannibal, and the History of Sir William Wallace. Hannibal gave my young ideas such a turn, that I used to strut in raptures up and down after the recruiting drum and bagpipe, and wish myself tall enough to be a soldier; while the story of Wallace poured a Scottish prejudice into my veins, which will boil along there till the flood-gates of life shut in eternal rest.

"Polemical divinity about this time was putting the country half mad; and I, ambitious of shining in conversation parties on Sundays, between sermons, at funerals, &c. used, a few years afterwards, to puzzle Calvinism with so much heat and indiscretion, that I raised a hue and cry of heresy against me, which has not ceased to this hour.

"My vicinity to Ayr was of some advantage

to me. My social disposition, when not checked by some modifications of spirited pride, was, like our catechism-definition of infinitude, 'without bounds or limits.' I formed several connexions with other youngers who possessed superior advantages, the *youngling* actors, who were busy in the rehearsal of parts in which they were shortly to appear on the stage of life, where, alas! I was destined to drudge behind the scenes. It is not commonly at this green age that our gentry have a just sense of the immense distance between them and their ragged playfellows. It takes a few dashes into the world, to give the young great man that proper, decent, unnoticing disregard for the poor, insignificant, stupid devils, the mechanics and peasantry around him, who were perhaps born in the same village. My young superiors never insulted the clouterly appearance of my ploughboy carcass, the two extremes of which were often exposed to all the inclemencies of all the seasons. They would give me stray volumes of books; among them, even then, I could pick up some observations; and one, whose heart I am sure not even the *Munny Begum* scenes have tainted, helped me to a little French. Parting with these my young friends and benefactors, as they occasionally went off for the East or West Indies, was often to me a sore affliction; but I was soon called to more serious evils. My father's generous master died; the farm proved a ruinous bargain; and, to clench the misfortune, we fell into the hands of a factor, who sat for the picture I have drawn of one, in my tale of Twa Dogs. My father was advanced in life, when he married; I was the eldest of seven children; and he, worn

out by early hardships, was unfit for labour. My father's spirit was soon irritated, but not easily broken. There was a freedom in his lease in two years more; and, to weather these two years, we retrenched our expenses. We lived very poorly; I was a dexterous ploughman, for my age; and the next eldest to me was a brother (Gilbert) who could drive the plough very well, and help me to thrash the corn. A novel writer might perhaps have viewed these scenes with some satisfaction; but so did not I: my indignation yet boils at the recollection of the s—l factor's insolent, threatening letters, which used to set us all in tears.

“This kind of life—the cheerless gloom of a hermit, with the unceasing moil of a galley slave, brought me to my sixteenth year; a little before which period I first committed the sin of rhyme. You know our country custom of coupling a man and woman together as partners in the labours of harvest. In my fifteenth autumn my partner was a bewitching creature, a year younger than myself. My scarcity of English denies me the power of doing her justice in that language; but you know the Scottish idiom—she was a *bonie, sweet, sonsie lass*. In short, she, altogether unwittingly to herself, initiated me in that delicious passion, which, in spite of acid disappointment, gin-horse prudence, and book-worm philosophy, I hold to be the first of human joys, our dearest blessing here below! How she caught the contagion I cannot tell: you medical people talk much of infection from breathing the same air, the touch, &c.; but I never expressly said I loved her. Indeed I did not know myself why I liked so much to

loiter behind with her, when returning in the evening from our labours; why the tones of her voice made my heart-strings thrill like an *Æolian* harp; and particularly why my pulse beat such a furious ratan when I looked and fingered over her little hand to pick out the cruel nettle-stings and thistles. Among her other love-inspiring qualities, she sung sweetly; and it was her favourite reel to which I attempted giving an embodied vehicle in rhyme. I was not so presumptuous as to imagine that I could make verses like printed ones, composed by men who had Greek and Latin; but my girl sung a song, which was said to be composed by a small country laird's son, on one of his father's maids, with whom he was in love! and I saw no reason why I might not rhyme as well as he; for, excepting that he could smear sheep and cast peats, his father living in the moorlands, he had no more scholarcraft than myself.

“ Thus with me began love and poetry; which at times have been my only, and till within the last twelve months, have been my highest enjoyment. My father struggled on till he reached the freedom in his lease, when he entered on a larger farm about ten miles further in the country. The nature of the bargain he made was such as to throw a little ready money into his hands at the commencement of his lease; otherwise the affair would have been impracticable. For four years we lived comfortably here; but a difference commencing between him and his landlord as to tennings, after three years' tossing and whirling in the vortex of litigation, my father was just saved from the horrors of a jail by a consumption, which, after two years'

promises, kindly stepped in, and carried him away to 'where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.'

"It is during the time that we lived on this farm that my little story is most eventful. I was, at the beginning of this period, perhaps, the most ungainly, awkward boy in the parish—no *solitaire* was less acquainted with the ways of the world. What I knew of ancient story was gathered from Salmon's and Guthrie's geographical grammars; and the ideas I had formed of modern manners, of literature, and criticism, I got from the Spectator. These, with Pope's Works, some plays of Shakspeare, Tell and Dickson on Agriculture, The Pantheon, Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding, Stackhouse's History of the Bible, Justice's British Gardener's Directory, Bayle's Lectures, Allan Ramsay's Works, Taylor's Scripture Doctrine of Original Sin, A select collection of English Songs, and Hervey's Meditations, had formed the whole of my reading. The collection of songs was my *vade mecum*. I pored over them, driving my cart, or walking to labour, song by song, verse by verse; carefully noting the true tender, or sublime, from affectation and rustian. I am convinced I owe to this practice much of my critic-craft, such as it is.

"In my seventeenth year, to give my manners a brush, I went to a country dancing school. My father had an unaccountable antipathy against these meetings; and my going was, what to this moment I repent, in opposition to his wishes. My father, as I said before, was subject to strong passions; from that instance of disobedience in me he took a sort of dislike to

me, which I believe was one cause of the dissipation which marked my succeeding years. I say dissipation, comparatively with the strictness, and sobriety, and regularity of Presbyterian country life; for though the Will o' Wisp meteors of thoughtless whim were almost the sole lights of my path, yet early ingrained piety and virtue kept me for several years afterwards within the line of innocence. The great misfortune of my life was to want an aim. I had felt early some stirrings of ambition, but they were the blind gropings of Homer's Cyclops round the walls of his cave. I saw my father's situation entailed upon me perpetual labour. The only two openings by which I could enter the temple of Fortune, was the gate of niggardly economy, or the path of little chicaning bargain-making. The first is so contracted an aperture, I never could squeeze myself into it:—the last I always hated—there was contamination in the very entrance! Thus abandoned of aim or view in life, with a strong appetite for sociability, as well from native hilarity, as from a pride of observation and remark; a constitutional melancholy, or hypochondriasm, that made me fly to solitude; add to these incentives to social life, my reputation for bookish knowledge, a certain wild logical talent, and a strength of thought something like the rudiments of good sense; and it will not seem surprising that I was generally a welcome guest where I visited, or any great wonder that, always where two or three met together there was I among them.

“But far beyond all other impulses of my heart was *un penchant a l'adorable moitié de genre humain*. My heart was completely tinder, and

was eternally lighted up by some goddess or other; and as in every other warfare in this world my fortune was various; sometimes I was received with favour, and sometimes I was mortified with a repulse. At the plough, scythe, or reap-hook, I feared no competitor, and thus I set absolute want at defiance; and as I never cared farther for my labours than while I was in actual exercise, I spent the evenings in the way after my own heart. A country lad seldom carries on a love adventure without an-assisting confidant. I possessed a curiosity, zeal, and intrepid dexterity, that recommended me as a proper second on these occasions; and I dare say, I felt as much pleasure in being in the secret of half the loves of the parish of Tarbolton, as ever did statesmen in knowing the intrigues of half the courts of Europe. The very goose-feather in my hand seems to know instinctively the well-worn path of my imagination, the favourite theme of my song; and is with difficulty restrained from giving you a couple of paragraphs on the love adventures of my compeers, the humble inmates of the farm-house and cottage; but the grave sons of science, ambition, or avarice, baptize these things by the name of Follies. To the sons and daughters of labour and poverty, they are matters of the most serious nature; to them the ardent hope, the stolen interview, the tender farewell, are the greatest and most delicious parts of their enjoyments.

“Another circumstance in my life, which made some alteration in my mind and manners, was, that I spent my nineteenth summer on a smuggling coast, a good distance from home, at a noted school, to learn mensuration, surveying-

dialling, &c. in which I made a pretty good progress. But I made a greater progress in the knowledge of mankind. The contraband trade was at that time very successful, and it sometimes happened to me to fall in with those who carried it on. Scenes of swaggering riot and roaring dissipation were till this time new to me; but I was no enemy to social life. Here, though I learnt to fill my glass, and to mix without fear in a drunken squabble, yet I went on with a high hand with my geometry till the sun entered Virgo, a month which is always a carnival in my bosom, when a charming *filette*, who lived next door to the school, upset my trigonometry, and set me off at a tangent from the sphere of my studies. I, however, struggled on with my *sines* and *co-sines* for a few days more; but, stepping into the garden one charming noon to take the sun's altitude, there I met my angel,

Like Proserpine gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flower—

It was in vain to think of doing any more good at school. The remaining week I staid, I did nothing but craze the faculties of my soul about her, or steal out to meet her; and the two last nights of my stay in the country, had sleep been a mortal sin, the image of this modest and innocent girl had kept me guiltless.

“I returned home very considerably improved. My reading was enlarged with the very important addition of Thomson's and Shenstone's works; I had seen human nature in a new phasis; and I engaged several of my school fellows to keep up a literary correspondence with me. This improved me in composition. I had met with a collection of letters by the wits

of Queen Anne's reign, and I pored over them most devoutly: I kept copies of any of my own letters that pleased me; and a comparison between them and the compositions of most of my correspondents flattered my vanity. I carried this whim so far, that though I had not three farthings' worth of business in the world, yet almost every post brought me as many letters as if I had been a broad plodding son of a day-book and ledger.

"My life flowed on much in the same course till my twenty-third year. *Vive l'amour, et vive la bagatelle*, were my sole principles of action. The addition of two more authors to my library gave me great pleasure: Sterne and M'Kenzie—Tristram Shandy and the Man of Feeling—were my bosom favourites. Poesy was still a darling walk for my mind; but it was only indulged in according to the humour of the hour. I had usually half a dozen or more pieces on hand; I took up one or other, as it suited the momentary tone of the mind, and dismissed the work as it bordered on fatigue. My passions, when once lighted up, raged like so many devils, till they got vent in rhyme; and then the conning over my verses, like a spell, soothed all into quiet! None of the rhymes of those days are in print, except Winter, a dirge, the eldest of my printed pieces; the Death of poor Mailie; John Barleycorn; the songs, first, second, and third.* Song second was the ebullition of that passion which ended the fore-mentioned school business.

"My twenty-third year was to me an impor-

* See Book II. vol. i. p. 162.—Book III. vol. i. p. 284—Book V. vol. ii. p. 278.—Book V. vol. ii. pp. 214, 241, 1st

tant era. Partly through whim, and partly that I wished to set about doing something in life, I joined a flax dresser in a neighbouring town (Irvine) to learn his trade. This was an unlucky affair. My ***; and to finish the whole, as we were giving a welcome carousal to the new year, the shop took fire, and burnt to ashes; and I was left, like a true poet, not worth a sixpence.

“I was obliged to give up this scheme; the clouds of misfortune were gathering thick round my father’s head, and what was worst of all, he was visibly far gone in a consumption; and, to crown my distresses, a *belle fille*, whom I adored, and who had pledged her soul to meet me in matrimony, jilted me with peculiar circumstances of mortification. The finishing evil that brought up the rear of this infernal file, was my constitutional melancholy, being increased to such a degree, that for three months I was in a state of mind scarcely to be envied by the hopeless wretches who have got their mittimus—
‘Depart from me, ye accursed!’

“From this adventure I learned something of a town life; but the principal thing which gave my mind a turn, was a friendship I had formed with a young fellow, a very noble character, but a hapless son of misfortune. He was the son of a simple mechanic; but a great man in the neighbourhood taking him under his patronage, gave him a genteel education, with a view of bettering his situation, in life. The patron dying just as he was ready to launch out into the world, the poor fellow, in despair, went to sea; where, after a variety of good and ill fortune, a little before I was acquainted with him, he had been set on

shore by an American privateer, on the coast of Connaught, stripped of every thing cannot quit this poor fellow's story without adding that he is at this time master of a West-Indiaman belonging to the Thames.

"His mind was fraught with independence, magnanimity and every manly virtue. I loved and admired him to a degree of enthusiasm, of course strove to imitate him. In some measure I succeeded: I had pride before, but taught it to flow in proper channels. His knowledge of the world was vastly superior to mine, and I was all attention to learn. He was the only man I ever saw who was a greater fool than myself, where woman was the presiding deity; but he spoke of illicit love with the levity of a sailor, which hitherto I had regarded with horror. Here his friendship did me mischief; the consequence was, that soon after I resumed the plough, I wrote *The Poet's Welcome*.* My reading only increased, while in this town I bought two stray volumes of Pamela, and one of Ferdinand Count Fathom; which gave me a new idea of novels. Rhyme, except some religious pieces that are in print, I had given up: I was meeting with Ferguson's Scottish Poems, and strung anew my wildly-sounding lyre with increasing vigour. When my father died, he went among the hell-hounds that prowl in the kennel of justice! but we made a shift to collect a little money in the family amongst the friends with which, to keep us together, my brother had taken a neighbouring farm. My brother valued my hair-brained imagination, as well as

* This piece, we believe, was afterwards entitled, *Address to an Illegitimate Child*.

social and amorous madness; but in good sense, and every sober qualification, he was far my superior.

“I entered on the farm with a full resolution, ‘Come, go to, I will be wise!’ I read farming books; I calculated crops; I attended markets; and, in short, in spite of ‘the devil, and the world, and the flesh,’ I believe I should have been a wise man; but the first year, from unfortunately buying bad seed, the second, from a late harvest, we lost half our crops. This overset all my wisdom, and I returned, ‘like the dog to his vomit, and the sow that was washed, to her wallowing in the mire.’

“I now began to be known in the neighbourhood as a maker of rhymes. The first of my poetic offspring that saw the light was a burlesque lamentation on a quarrel between two reverend Calvinists, both of them *dramatis personæ* in my Holy Fair. I had a notion myself that the piece had some merit; but to prevent the worst, I gave a copy to a friend who was very fond of such things, and told him that I could not guess who was the author of it, but that I thought it pretty clever. With a certain description of the clergy, as well as laity, it met with a roar of applause. Holy Willie’s Prayer next made its appearance, and alarmed the kirk-session so much, that they held several meetings to look over their spiritual artillery, if haply any of it might be pointed against profane rhymers. Unluckily for me, my wanderings led me, on another side, within point blankshot of their heaviest metal. This is the unfortunate story that gave rise to my printed poem, *The Lament*. This was a most melancholy affair, which I

cannot yet bear to reflect on, and had nearly given me one or two of the principal qualifications for a place among those who have lost the chart, and mistaken the reckoning of rationality.* I gave up my part of the farm to my brother; in truth it was only nominally mine; and made what little preparation was in my power for Jamaica. But, before leaving my native country for ever, I resolved to publish my poems. I weighed my productions as impartially as was in my power: I thought they had merit; and it was a delicious idea, that I should be called a clever fellow, even though it should never reach my ears—a poor negro-driver; or perhaps a victim to that inhospitable clime, and gone to the world of spirits! I can truly say, that *pauvre inconnu* as I then was, I had pretty nearly as high an idea of myself and of my works, as I have at this moment, when the public has decided in their favour. It was my opinion, that the mistakes and blunders, both in a rational and religious point of view, of which we see thousands daily guilty, are owing to their ignorance of themselves. To know myself, has been all along my constant study. I

* This distraction of mind arose from the misery and sorrow in which he involved Jean Armour, afterwards Mrs. Burns. She was a great favourite of her father. The intimation of a marriage was the first suggestion he received of her real situation. He was in the greatest distress, and fainted away. The marriage did not appear to him to make the matter better. He expressed a wish that the agreement between them should be cancelled. This was communicated to Burns. He felt the deepest anguish of mind. He offered to stay at home, and provide for his wife and family by every exertion in his power. Even this was not approved of; and humble as Jean Armour's station was, and great though her imprudence had been, she was still thought by her partial parents, to look forward to a more advantageous connexion than that which now presented itself. Google

weighed myself alone; I balanced myself with others; I watched every means of information, to see how much ground I occupied as a man and as a poet; I studied assiduously nature's design in my formation—where the lights and shades in my character were intended. I was pretty confident my poems would meet with some applause; but, at the worst, the roar of the Atlantic would deafen the voice of censure, and the novelty of West Indian scenes make me forget neglect. I threw off six hundred copies, of which I had got subscriptions for about three hundred and fifty. My vanity was highly gratified by the reception I met with from the public; and besides, I pocketed, all expenses deducted, nearly twenty pounds. This sum came very seasonably, as I was thinking of indenting myself, for want of money, to procure my passage. As soon as I was master of nine guineas, the price of wafting me to the torrid zone, I took a steerage-passage in the first ship that was to sail from the Clyde; for

Hungry ruin had me in the wind.

“I had been for some days skulking from covert to covert, under all the terrors of a jail; as some ill-advised people had uncoupled the merciless pack of the law at my heels.* I had taken the last farewell of my few friends, my chest was on the road to Greenock; I had composed the last song I should ever measure in Caledonia. The gloomy night is gathering fast—when a letter from Dr. Blacklock to a friend of mine, overthrew all my schemes, by opening

* This was to oblige him to find security for the maintenance of his twin-children, whom he was not permitted to legitimate, by a marriage with their mother.

new prospects to my poetic ambition. The doctor belonged to a set of critics, for whose applause I had not dared to hope. His opinion, that I would meet with encouragement in Edinburgh, for a second edition, fired me so much, that away I posted for that city, without a single acquaintance, or a single letter of introduction. The baneful star that had so long shed its blasting influence in my zenith, for once made a revolution to the nadir; and a kind Providence placed me under the patronage of one of the noblest of men, the earl of Glencairn. *Oublie moi, Grand Dieu, si jamais je l'oublie!*

"I need relate no farther. At Edinburgh I was in a new world; I mingled among many classes of men, but all of them new to me, and I was all attention to 'catch' the characters and 'the manners living as they rise.' Whether I have profited, time will show."

His reception from men of letters, in general, was flattering. Dr. Robertson, Dr. Blair, Dr. Gregory, Mr. Stewart, Mr. Makenzie, and Mr. Frazer Tytler, perceived and acknowledged his talents. He was an acceptable guest in the gayest and most elevated circles, and received from female beauty and elegance, those attentions above all others most grateful to him. Among men of rank and fashion, he was particularly distinguished by James, earl of Glencairn, who introduced him to the notice and the convivial society of the Caledonian Hunt. But while he was invited into the company of men of virtue and taste, he was also seduced, by pressing solicitations, into the fellowship of those whose habits, without being extremely gross, were yet too licentious and dissolute. The festive indul-

gences which he enjoyed among them, gradually deprived him of his relish for the temperate and austere virtues. But whatever influence this change produced on his conduct and morals, his understanding suffered no correspondent debasement. He estimated his new friends and associates at their proper value; and manifested great discrimination in appreciating the character of those who imagined themselves men of the first order in the walks of literature and fashion.

"There are few of the sore evils under the sun," he observes, "give me more uneasiness and chagrin, than the comparison how a man of genius, nay, of avowed worth, is received every where, with the reception which a mere ordinary character, decorated with the trappings and futile distinctions of fortune, meets. I imagine a man of abilities, his breast glowing with honest pride, conscious that men are born equal, still giving 'honour to whom honour is due;' he meets at a great man's table a squire something, or a sir somebody; he knows the *noble* landlord, at heart, gives the bard, or whatever he is, a share of his good wishes, beyond, perhaps, any one at the table; yet how will it mortify him to see a fellow, whose abilities would scarcely have made an *eight-penny tailor*, and whose heart is not worth three farthings, meet with attention and notice, that are withheld from the son of genius and poverty?"

"The noble Glencairn has wounded me to the soul here, because I dearly esteem, respect and love him. He showed so much attention—engrossing attention—one day, to the only block-head at table (the whole company consisted of

his lordship, dunderpate, and myself,) that I was within half a point of throwing down my gage of contemptuous defiance; but he shook my hand, and looked so benevolently good at parting. God bless him! though I should never see him more, I shall love him until my dying day! I am pleased to think I am so capable of the throes of gratitude, as I am miserably deficient in some other virtues.

“With Dr. Blair I am more at my ease. I never respect him with humble veneration; but when he kindly interests himself in my welfare, or still more, when he descends from his pinnacle, and meets me on equal ground in conversation, my heart overflows with what is called *liking*. When he neglects me for the mere carcass of greatness, or when his eye measures the difference of our points of elevation, I say to myself, with scarcely any emotion, what do I care for him or his pomp either?

“It is not easy forming an exact judgment of any one; but in my opinion, Dr. Blair is merely an astonishing proof of what industry and application can do. Natural parts like his are frequently to be met with; his vanity is proverbially known among his acquaintance; but he is justly at the head of what may be called fine writing; and a critic of the first, the very first, rank in prose: even in poetry, a bard of nature’s making can only take the *pas* of him. He has a heart, not of the very finest water, but far from being an ordinary one. In short, he is truly a worthy and most respectable character.”

The respect and sympathy of Burns dwelt with keener emotion and more intense interest on the fate of Ferguson, than on the intercom

which he held with persons of distinction. On the 6th of February, 1787, he addressed a letter to the bailies of Canongate, Edinburgh, requesting permission to erect a monument to his memory. "Gentlemen," said he, "I am sorry to be told that the remains of Robert Ferguson, the so justly celebrated poet, a man whose talents, for ages to come, will do honour to our Caledonian name, lie in your church-yard, among the ignoble dead, unnoticed and unknown. Some memorial to direct the steps of the lovers of Scottish song, when they wish to shed a tear over the narrow house of the bard who is no more, is surely a tribute due to Ferguson's memory—a tribute I wish to have the honour of paying. I petition you, then, gentlemen, to permit me to lay a simple stone over his revered ashes, to remain unalienable property to his deathless fame."

Burns, in consequence of this application, obtained leave to gratify his desire.* The inscription of the stone is as follows:

* *A correspondent of Burns, in alluding to this transaction, expresses himself in this manner: "So you have obtained liberty from the magistrates to erect a stone over Ferguson's grave? I do not doubt it; such things have been, as Shakspeare says, 'in the olden time;'*

The poet's fate is here in emblem shown,
He ask'd for bread, and he received a stone.

It is, I believe, upon poor Butler's tomb that this is written. But how many poor brothers of Parnassus, as well as poor Butler and poor Ferguson, have asked for bread, and been served with the same sauce!

*"The magistrates gave you liberty, did they? O generous magistrates! *****celebrated over the three kingdoms for his public spirit, gives a poor poet liberty to raise a tomb to a poor poet's memory! Most generous! ***** once upon a time gave that same poet the mighty sum of eighteen pence for a copy of his works. But then it must be considered*

HERE LIES ROBERT FERGUSON, POET.

Born September 5th, 1751.—Died 16th October, 1774.

No sculptur'd marble here, nor pompous lay,

"No storied urn, nor animated bust;"

This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way

To pour her sorrows o'er her Poet's dust.

On the other side of the stone is as follows:

"By special grant of the managers to Robert Burns, who erected this stone, this burial place is to remain for ever sacred to the memory of Robert Ferguson."

Shortly after paying this mark of respect to the ashes of a kindred genius, he acquired by the new edition of his poems, a sum of money more than sufficient for his present exigencies. He therefore determined to gratify a desire he had long entertained, of visiting some of the most interesting districts of his native country. For this purpose, he left Edinburgh on the sixth of May; and in the course of his journey was hospitably received at the houses of several gentlemen of worth and learning. After proceeding up the Tweed, through the counties of Roxburgh and Selkirk; penetrating into England, as far as Newcastle; and crossing the island to Carlisle, he returned through Anan and Dumfries to Ayrshire, after an absence of six months.

It will easily be conceived with what pleasure and pride he was received by his mother, his brothers and sisters. He had left them poor, and comparatively friendless; he returned to them high in public estimation and easy in his circumstances. He returned to them, unchanged

*that the poet was at this time absolutely starving, and besought his aid with all the earnestness of hunger; and over and above he received a ***** worth at least one-third of the value, in exchange, but which, I believe the poet afterwards very ungratefully expunged."*

in his ardent affections, and ready to share with them, to the uttermost farthing, the pittance that fortune had bestowed.

Having remained with them a few days, he proceeded again to Edinburgh, and immediately set out on a tour to the highlands: from this journey he returned to his relations in his native country, renewing his friendships and extending his acquaintance.

In August, he made another visit to Edinburgh, whence he travelled in company with Mr. Adair through Linlithgow, Carron, Stirling, the vale of Devon, and Harvieston. In a visit to Mrs. Bruce of Clackmanan, a lady above ninety, the lineal descendant of that race which gave the Scottish throne its brightest ornament, his feelings were powerfully interested. Though almost deprived of speech by a paralytic affection, she preserved her hospitality and urbanity. She was in possession of the helmet and two-handed sword of her great ancestor, with which she conferred on her two visitors the honour of knighthood, remarking, that she had a better right to confer that title than *some people*.

At Dunfermline they visited the ruined abbey, and the abbey-church, now consecrated to Presbyterian worship. Here Mr. Adair mounted the *cutty-stool*, or stool of repentance, assuming the character of a penitent for fornication; while Burns, from the pulpit, addressed to him a ludicrous reproof and exhortation, parodied from that which had been delivered to himself in Ayrshire, where he had once been one of seven who mounted the *seat of shame* together.

In the church-yard two broad flag-stones marked the grave of Robert Bruce, for whose

memory Burns had a more than a common veneration. He knelt and kissed the stone with sacred fervour, and heartily (*suis ut mos erat*) execrated the worse than Gothic neglect of the first of Scottish heroes. He afterwards returned, with Mr. Adair, to Edinburgh by Kinross, (on the shore of Lochleven) and Queen's ferry.

These journeys, however, did not satisfy the curiosity of Burns. About the beginning of September, he again set out from the metropolis on a more extended tour to the highlands, in company with Mr. Nicol, assistant teacher in the high school. After passing through the heart of that mountainous division of their native country, they stretched northwards about ten miles beyond Inverness. There they bent their course eastward, across the island, and returned by the shore of the German sea, to Edinburgh. In the course of this journey, they visited a number of remarkable scenes; and the imagination of Burns was constantly excited by the wild and sublime scenery through which he passed.

Having settled with his publisher, in February, 1788, he found himself master of nearly five hundred pounds, after discharging all his expenses. To his brother Gilbert, who had taken upon him the support of their aged mother, and was struggling with many difficulties in the farm of Mossgiel, he immediately advanced two hundred pounds. With the remainder he resolved on settling himself for life in the occupation of agriculture, and took the farm of Ellisland, on the banks of the Nith, six miles above Dumfries, on which he entered at Whitsunday.

When he had in this manner arranged his plans for futurity, his generous heart turned

to the object of his attachment; and listening to no considerations but those of honour and affection, he led her to the altar, and joined with her in a public declaration of marriage. His notice of this event to Mrs. Dunlop, is truly honourable to his feelings. "When Jean found herself," says he, "as women wish to be who love their lords," as I loved her nearly to distraction, we took steps for a private marriage. Her parents got the hint; and not only forbade me her company and the house, but on my rumoured West Indian voyage got a warrant to put me in jail till I should find security in my about-to-be paternal relation. You know my lucky reverse of fortune. On my eclatant return to Mauchline, I was made very welcome to visit my girl. The usual consequences began to betray her; and as I was at that time laid up a cripple in Edinburgh, she was turned—literally turned out of doors; and I wrote to a friend to shelter her till my return, when our marriage was declared. HER HAPPINESS OR MISERY WAS IN MY HANDS; AND WHO COULD TRIFLE WITH SUCH A DEPOSITE?"

He now engaged in rebuilding the dwelling house on his farm, which, in the state he found it, was inadequate to the accommodation of his family. On this occasion he resumed at times the occupation of a labourer, and found neither his strength nor his skill impaired. Pleased with surveying the grounds he was about to cultivate, and with rearing a habitation that might give shelter to his wife and children, and, as he fondly hoped, to his own gray hairs, sentiments of independence buoyed up his mind; pictures of domestic content and peace rose on his imagination; and a few days passed away, the most tran-

quail, and perhaps the happiest he had ever experienced.

His industry; however, was frequently interrupted by visiting his family in Ayrshire; and as the distance was too great for a single day's journey, he generally spent a night at an inn on the road. On such occasions he sometimes fell into company, and was drawn into irregular and intemperate habits. His appointment in the excise, which was completed in autumn 1789, likewise obstructed his agricultural pursuits. He was unable to reconcile the business of the two occupations. His farm was in a great measure abandoned to his servants, while he was engaged in performing his official duties. He might be seen, now and then, in the spring, directing his plough, a labour in which he excelled; or with a white sheet, containing his seed-corn, slung across his shoulders, striding with measured steps along his turned-up furrows, and scattering the grain in the earth. But his farm no longer occupied the principal part of his thoughts. It was not at Ellisland that he was now in general to be found. Mounted on horseback, this high-minded poet was pursuing the defaulters of the revenue, among the hills and vales of Nithsdale, his roving eye wandering over the charms of nature, and muttering his wayward fancies as he moved along.

Besides his duties in the excise, other circumstances interfered with his attention to his farm. He engaged in the formation and management of a society for purchasing and circulating books among the farmers of his neighbourhood; and occasionally occupied himself in composing songs for the musical work of Mr. Johnson,

then in the course of publication. These engagements, though useful and honourable, necessarily contributed to the abstraction of his thoughts, and the neglect of his rural affairs.

The consequences may easily be imagined. Notwithstanding the prudence and good management of Mrs. Burns, he found it necessary, after the expiration of three years and a half, to relinquish his lease. His employment in the excise originally produced fifty pounds per annum. He was now appointed to a new district, the emoluments of which rose to about seventy. Hoping to support himself and his family on this humble income till promotion should reach him, he removed to a small house in Dumfries about the end of the year 1791.

His great celebrity made him an object of interest and curiosity to strangers, and few persons passed through Dumfries without an attempt to see him, and to enjoy the pleasure of his conversation. As he could not receive them conveniently at home, these interviews passed at the inns of the town, and often terminated in convivial excesses. Among the inhabitants also, there were never wanting persons to lead or accompany him to the tavern; to applaud the sallies of his wit; and to witness at once the strength and the degradation of his genius.

In the four years that he lived in Dumfries, he produced many of his beautiful lyrics; and cheerfully consented to give his aid to a collection of original Scottish airs and verses, projected by George Thomson of Edinburgh. During this time he made several excursions into the neighbouring country. In one of these he passed through Glendenwynes, a beautiful situation on

the banks of the Dee, in company with Mr. Syme, and reached Kenmore, where they remained three days at the seat of Mr. Gordon. On leaving Kenmore for Gatehouse, they took the moor-road, where every thing presented a wild and desolate aspect. The sky appeared to sympathize with the dreariness of the soil. It became lowering and dark. Gleams of sheeted lightning were followed by the awful rolling of thunder. Burns spoke not a word, but seemed wrapped in meditation. In a little while the rain began to fall; and for three hours it poured in torrents on the waste. In the midst of this storm, though drenched as it were by the embattled elements, he remained absorbed in thought, wholly inattentive to the descending floods. He was equally regardless of every thing around him during his ride home from St. Mary's isle; and his companion did not venture to disturb him. Next day he produced the celebrated martial hymn, entitled Robert Bruce's Address to his Army, a hymn unparalleled in the annals of modern poetry, and equal to the happiest efforts of the greatest geniuses of antiquity.

Burns had entertained hopes of promotion in the excise; but circumstances occurred which prevented their fulfilment. The events of the French revolution, which interested the feelings of every thinking mind, were commented on by Burns in a manner very different from what might have been expected from an officer under government. Information of his sentiments were given to the board of excise; an inquiry was instituted into his conduct; and, after being reprimanded, he was suffered to retain his situation.

This circumstance made a deep impressi

on his mind. Fame exaggerated his misfortune, and represented him as actually dismissed from his office; and this report induced gentlemen of much respectability to propose a subscription in his favour. But he refused the offer with great elevation of sentiment, and nobly defended himself against the imputation of having made submission for the sake of his office, unworthy of his character.

"The partiality of my countrymen," he observes, "has brought me forward as a man of genius, and has given me a character to support. In the poet I have avowed manly and independent sentiments, which I hope have been found in the man. Reasons of no less weight than the support of a wife and children, have pointed my present occupation as the only eligible line of life within my reach. Still my honest fame is my dearest concern, and a thousand times have I trembled at the idea of the degrading epithets that malice or misrepresentation may affix to my name. Often, in blasting anticipation, have I listened to some future hackney scribbler, with the heavy malice of savage stupidity, exultingly asserting, that Burns, notwithstanding the *fanfaronade* of independence to be found in his works, and after being held up to public view, and to public estimation, as a man of some genius, yet, quite destitute of resources within himself to support his borrowed dignity, dwindled into a paltry exciseman, and slunk out the rest of his insignificant existence in the meanest of pursuits and among the lowest of mankind.

"In your illustrious hands, sir, permit me to lodge my strong disavowal and defiance of such slanderous falsehoods. BURNS WAS A POOR MAN

FROM HIS BIRTH, AND AN EXCISEMAN BY NECESSITY; BUT—I WILL SAY IT!—THE STERLING OF HIS HONEST WORTH, POVERTY COULD NOT DEBASE, AND HIS INDEPENDENT BRITISH SPIRIT, OPPRESSION MIGHT BEND, BUT COULD NOT SUBDUCE.”

It was one of the last acts of his life to copy this heart-rending letter into a book which he kept for the purpose of recording such circumstances as he thought worthy of preservation. Upwards of a year before his death there was an evident decline in his personal appearance; and though his appetite continued unimpaired, he was himself sensible that his constitution was sinking. From October, 1795, to the January following, an accidental complaint confined him to the house. A few days after he began to go abroad, he dined at a tavern, and returned home about three o'clock in a very cold morning, benumbed and intoxicated. This was followed by an attack of rheumatism, which confined him about a week. His appetite began to fail; his hand shook, and his voice faltered on any exertion or emotion, his pulse became weaker and more rapid, and pain in the larger joints, and in the hands and feet, deprived him of sleep. In the month of June, 1796, he removed to Brow in Annandale, about ten miles from Dumfries, to try the effects of sea-bathing. Here he was invited to dinner by a lady in the neighbourhood; and as he was unable to walk, she sent her carriage for him to the cottage where he lodged. As he entered her apartment the stamp of death seemed imprinted on his features. He appeared already touching the brink of eternity. His first salutation was, “Well, madam, have you any commands for

the other world?" He ate little, and complained of having entirely lost the tone of his stomach. He spoke of his death without any of the ostentation of philosophy, but with firmness and feeling, as an event likely to happen very soon. His anxiety for his family hung heavy upon him; and when he alluded to their approaching desolation, his heart was touched with pure and unmingled sorrow.

At first he imagined that bathing in the sea had been of benefit to him; the pains in his limbs were relieved; but this was immediately followed by a new attack of fever. When brought back to his own house in Dumfries, on the 18th of July, he was no longer able to stand upright. A tremor pervaded his frame; his tongue was parched, and his mind fell into a delirium, when not roused by conversation. On the second and third day the fever increased, and his strength diminished. On the fourth, the sufferings of this great, but ill-fated genius, were terminated; and a life was closed, which had been embittered by suffering, and insulted by unmerited calumny.

When his death was known, it excited a deep and mournful sensation. It was felt as a loss which no earthly power could replace; as the extinction of a prodigy whose appearance was rare and uncertain. He was lamented, not merely like a common individual, by friends and neighbours, but by a whole country, whose pleasures he had an exclusive capacity to augment.

He left a widow and four sons. The ceremonial of his interment was accompanied with military honours, not only by the corps of Dumfries volunteers, of which he was a member,

but by the Fencible infantry, and a regiment of Cinque Port cavalry then quartered in Dumfries. On the same day, by a coincidence singularly touching, Mrs. Burns was delivered of a son, who did not long survive his father.

Burns was nearly five feet ten inches in height, and of a form that indicated agility as well as strength. His well raised forehead, shaded with black curling hair, expressed uncommon capacity. His eyes were large, dark, full of ardour and animation. His face was well formed, and his countenance strikingly interesting.

Of his general behaviour every one spoke in the highest terms. It usually bespoke a mind conscious of superior talents, not however unmixed with the affections which beget familiarity and affability. His conversation was extremely fascinating; rich in wit, humour, whim, and occasionally in serious and opposite reflection. No man had a quicker apprehension of right and wrong, or a stronger sense of what was ridiculous and mean. Neither chicanery nor sordidness ever appeared in his conduct. Even in the midst of distress, while his feeling heart sunk under the secret consciousness of indigence, and the apprehensions of absolute want, he bore himself loftily to the world. He died in the utmost penury, but not in debt; and left behind him a name which will be remembered as long as departed worth and goodness are esteemed among men.

After contemplating the melancholy story of his life, it is impossible not to heave a sigh at the asperity of his fortune, while we reprobate the conduct of those who drew him from war

simplicity of humble life, and left him a prey to anxiety and want, to sorrow and despair.

Of his poems which have been so often printed and so eagerly read, it is unnecessary to enter into a critical examination. All readers of taste and sensibility assign him the first place among the poets of his country; and acknowledge the presence of that "light from heaven," which consecrates and eternizes every monument of genius.

GLOSSARY.

THE *ch* and *gh* have always the guttural sound. The sound of the English diphthong *oo*, is commonly spelled *ou*. The French *u*, a sound which often occurs in the Scottish language, is marked *oo*, or *ui*. The *a* in genuine Scottish words, except when forming a diphthong, or followed by an *e* mute after a single consonant, sounds generally like the broad English *a* in *wall*. The Scottish diphthongs *ae* always, and *ea* very often, sound like the French *e* masculine. The Scottish diphthong *ey*, sounds like the Latin *ei*.

A.

A', all, every one, the whole.

Aback, away, aloof.

Abeigh, at a shy distance.

Aboon, aboon, above, up, in the regions of heaven.

Abroad, abroad, in sight, at large.

Abread, in breadth.

Ac, one.

Aff, off.

Aff-hand, extempore, immediately.

Aff-loof, unpremeditated.

Afore, before, sooner than.

Aft, oft.

Aften, often, frequently, many times.

Agley, off the right line, oblique, wrong.

Aiblins, perhaps.

Aik, the oak.

Air, early, soon.

Airl-penny, earnest-money, a piece of money for confirming a bargain.

Airt, quarter of the heavens; to direct.

Airn, iron.

Aith, an oath.

Aits, oats.

Aiver, an old horse.

Aizle, a hot cinder.

Alake, alas!

Al me, alone, solitary, single, without company.

Akwart, awkward, inelegant, untaught.

Aimast, almost, nearly.

Amang, among, mingled with.

An', and, if.

Ance, once, one time.

Ane, one, and.

Anent, over against, concerning.

Anither, another, one more.

Ase, ashes, the remains of burnt coals.

Asklent, askint, aslant.

Aster, abroad, stirring.

Athart, athwart, wrong.

Aught, possession; as, in my *ught*, in all my possession.

Auldarren, or *auld farrent*, sagacious, cunning, prudent.

Auld lang syne, olden time, days of other years.

Auld, old, ancient, advanced in years.

Auntie, an aunt.

Awa', at all, of all, of any.

Awa', away, absent.

Awfu', awful, terrible.

Awn, the beard of barley, oats, &c.

Awnie, bearded.

Ayont, beyond, at a distance, out of the reach of

B.

Ba', ball.

Buckets, ashboards; a square wooden vessel for carrying coals to the fire; a kind of box for holding salt.

Backlins comin', coming back, returning.

Bad, did bid.

Baide, endured, did stay.

Bailie, a magistrate in Scotland, answering to an alderman in England.

Baggie, dimin. of bag, a familiar term used to signify the belly.

Bainie, having large bones, stout.

Bairn, a child.

Bairntime, a family of children, a brood.

Baith, both, likewise.

Bake, a small cake or biscuit.

Ban, to swear, to make an irreverent exclamation; reproach, censure.

Bane, bone.

Bang, to beat, to strive, to exert.

Bardie, dimin. of bard

Bareft, barefooted, without shoes or stockings.

Barmie, of, or like barm.

Batch, a crew, a gang

Batts, botts, small worms in the entrails of horses.

Baudrons, a cat.

Bauld, bold, intrepid.

Bawk, a strip of land left unploughed, two or three feet in width; a ridge, a bank.

Baws'nt, having a white strip down the face.

Be, to let be, to give over, to cease.

Bear, barley.

Beastie, dimin. of beast.

Beet, to add fuel to fire.

Beld, bald, without hair on the head.

Belyve, by-and-by.

Ben, into the spence or parlour.

Benmost, innermost.

Benlomond, a noted mountain in Dumbartonshire.

Bethankit, grace or short prayer after the time or act of eating.

Beuk, a book.

Bicker, a kind of wooden dish, a short race.

Bie, or *Bield*, shelter.

Bien, wealthy, plentiful.

Big, to build.

Biggin, building, a house.

Biggit, built.

Bill, a bull.

Billie, a brother, a young fellow.

Bing, a heap of grain, potatoes, &c.

Birk, birch.

Birken-shaw, *Birchen-wood*, shaw, a small wood.

Birkie, a clever fellow.

Birring, the noise of partridges, &c. when they spring.

Bit, crisis, nick of time.

Bizz, a bustle; to buzz

Blae livid

- Blastie**, a shrivelled dwarf, a term of contempt.
Blastit, blasted.
Blate, baskful, sheepish.
Blather, bladder.
Bland, a flat piece of any thing; to slap.
Blaw, to blow, to boast.
Bleerit, bleared, sore with rheum.
Blaert and blin, bleared and blind.
Bleexing, blazing, flaming.
Blellum, idle, talking fellow.
Blether, to talk idly; nonsense.
Blck'rin, talking idly.
Blink, a little white, a smiling look; to look kindly, to shine by fits.
Blinker, a term of contempt.
Blinkin, smirking, ogling.
Blithe, or **Blythe**, cheerful.
Blue-gown, one of those beggars who get annually, on the king's birth-day, a blue cloak or gown, with a badge.
Bluid, blood.
Bluntie, snivelling.
Blype, a shred, a large piece.
Bock, to vomit, to gush intermittently.
Bocked, gushed. vomited.
Bodle, an old copper coin, of the value of pennies Scots, or one-third of an English penny.
Bogles, spirits, hobgoblins.
Bonie, or **bony**, handsome, beautiful.
Bannock, a kind of thick cake of bread, a small jannack, or loaf made of oat-meal.
Boord, a board.
Boortree, the shrub elder; planted much of old in hedges of burn-yards, &c.
Boost, behooved, must needs.
Bore, a hole in the wall.
Botch, blotch, an angry tumour.
Bouk, body, a person.
Bousing, drinking, quaffing.
Bow-kail, cabbage.
Bow-hough'd, applied to the lower part of the thighs, when crooked or bent outwards.
Brachens, fern.
Brae, a declivity, a precipice, the slope of a hill.
Braid, broad, plain.
Bragin't, reeled forward.
Brak, a kind of harrow, an instrument used in husbandry.
Brainge, to run rashly forward.
Brak, broke, made insolvent.
Branks, a kind of wooden curb for horses.
Brash, a sudden illness.
Brats, coarse clothes, rags &c.
Brattle, a short race, hurry fury.
Braw, fine, handsome.
Brawlyt, or **Brawlie** very well, finely, heartily.
Brazie, a morbid sheep.
Breastie, dimin. of breast.
Breastit, did spring up or forward.
Breckan, fern.
Breef, an invulnerable or irresistible spell.
Brecks, breeches.
Brent, smooth.
Brewin, brewing.
Brie, juice, liquid.
Brig, a bridge.
Brunstone, brimstone.
Brisket, the breast, the bosom.
Brither, a brother.
Brock, a badger.
Brugue, a hum, a trick.
Broo, broth, liquid, water.
Brose, a kind of pottage.

made by pouring boiling water or broth on oat-meal, which is stirred while the water is poured:—a race at country weddings, who shall first reach the bridegroom's house on returning from church, so called, perhaps, from brase being allotted to the victor.

Browne, a spirit, supposed, till lately, to haunt old houses, particularly those attached to farms, and sometimes to do the drudgery of the servants during the night.

Brugh, a burgh.

Brulzie, a broil, a combustion.

Brunt, did burn, burnt.

Burst, to burst. burst.

Buchan-bullers, the boiling of the sea among the rocks on the coast of Buchan.

Bucksin, an inhabitant of Virginia.

Bught, a pen.

Bughtin time, the time of collecting the sheep in the pens to be milked.

Buirldy, stout made, broad made.

Bum-clock, a humming beetle that flies in the summer evenings.

Bumming, humming as bees.

Bumme, to blunder; a dolt, a stupid person.

Bummler, a blunderer.

Bunker, a window-seat.

Burties, dimin. of birds.

Bure, did bear.

Burn, water, a rivulet.

Burnie, dimin. of burn.

Buskie, bushy.

Buskit, dressed finely, decorated.

Busks, dresses.

Bustle, a bustle, to bustle.

Buss, buss, shelter.

But, **Bot**, with, without.

But an' Ben, the country kitchen and parlour.

By himsel, lunatic, distracted.

Byke, a bee-hive, a crowd.

Byre, a cow-house.

C.

Ca', to call, to name, to drive
Ca't, or **Ca'd**, called, driven, calved,

Cadger, a carrier.

Cadie, a Caddie, a person, a young fellow.

Caff, chaff

Caird, a tinkler

Cairn, a loose heap of stones

Calf-ward, a small enclosure for calves.

Callan, a boy.

Caller, fresh, sound, refreshing.

Canie, or **Cannie**, gentle, mild, dexterous.

Cannille, dexterously, gently.

Cantie, or **Canty**, cheerful, merry.

Cantraip, a charm, a spell.

Caprin, capering, skipping merrily.

Cap-stane, cope-stone, key-stone.

Carceyin, cheerfully.

Carl, an old man.

Carl-kemp, the largest stalk of hemp, firmness of mind.

Carlin, a stout old woman.

Cartes, cards.

Caudron, a caldron.

Cauk and keel, chalk and red clay.

Cauld, cold.

Caup, a wooden drinking vessel.

Cavie, a coop or pen for poultry.

- Cand, drisen.*
ees, taxes.
Chanter, a part of a bagpipe.
Chap, a person, a fellow, a blow.
Chaup, a stroke, a blow.
Cheekit, checked.
Cheep, a chirp; to chirp.
Chiel, or Cheel, a young fellow.
Chimla, or Chimlie, a fire-grate, a fire-place.
Chimla-lug, the fire-side.
Chittering, shivering, trembling.
Chockin, choking.
Chow, to chew; cheek for chow, side by side.
Chuffie, fat-faced.
Cluchan, a small nillage about a church, a hamlet.
Claise, or Clacs, clothes.
Claith, cloth.
Claithing, clothing.
Clavers, nonsense, not speaking sense.
Clap, clapper of a mill.
Clorcif, wrote.
Clash, an idle tale, the story of the day.
Clatter, to tell little idle stories; an idle story.
Claight, snatched at, laid hold of.
Claut, to clean, to scrape; a heap, a great quantity, abundance.
Clouted, scraped.
Claver, clover.
Clavers, idle stories.
Claw, to scratch.
Claw'd, scratched.
Claymore, a sword, a weapon used either in cutting or thrusting.
Clard, to clothe.
Clouds, clothes.
Clock, to lay hold of after the manner of a hook, to seize at all events.
Clockit, having caught.
Clinkin, jerking, clinking.
Clinkumbell, he who rings the church-bell.
Clips, sheers.
Clishmaclaver, idle conversation.
Clock, to hatch; a beetle.
Clockin, hatching.
Cloot, the hoof of a cow, sheep, &c.
Clootie, an old name for the Devil.
Clour, a lump, or swelling, after a blow.
Clout, to beat, to strike; a blow, a cuff.
Cluds, clouds.
Clunk, to guggle in the manner of a bottle when it is emptying.
Coazin, wheedling, flattery.
Coble, a fishing boat.
Cockernony, a lock of hair tied upon a girl's head; a cap.
Cockie, dimin. of cock.
Coft, bought.
Cog, a wooden dish.
Coggie, dimin. of cog.
Coila, from Kyle, a district of Ayrshire; so called from Coil or Coilus, a Pictish monarch.
Collie, a general, and sometimes a particular name for country curs.
Collieshantie, quarrelling.
Comman, command.
Cood, the cud.
Coofa, a blockhead, a ninny.
Cookit, appeared and disappeared by fits.
Cooser, a horse kept for mares.
Coost, did cast.
Coot, the ankle, or foot.
Ccotic, a wooden kitchen dish; fowls whose legs are clad

- with feathers, are said to be cootie.
- Corbies**, a species of the crow.
- Core**, corpy, parts, clan.
- Corn't**, fed with oats.
- Cotter**, the inhabitant of a cot-house, or cottage.
- Couthie**, kind, loving.
- Cove**, a cave.
- Cowe**, to terrify, to keep under, to lop; a fright, a branch of furze, broom, &c.
- Cowp**, to barter, to tumble over; a gang.
- Cowpit**, tumbled.
- Cowrin**, covering, stooping.
- Cowt**, a colt, a young horse.
- Cozie**, snug.
- Coziely**, snugly.
- Crabbit**, crabbed, fretful, sour.
- Crack**, to converse, conversation.
- Crackin**, conversing.
- Craft**, or **Croft**, in old husbandry, a field near a house.
- Craigie**, dimin. of **crag**, the throat, the neck.
- Craiks**, birds, incessant calls, or cries.
- Crambo-clink**, or **Crambo-jingle**, rhymes, doggerel verses.
- Crank**, the noise of an ungreased wheel.
- Crankous**, fretful, captious.
- Cranreuch**, the hoar frost.
- Crap**, or **Crop**, the produce of land; to crop.
- Craw**, a crow of a cock, a rook.
- Creel**, a kind of osier basket; to have one's wits in a creel, to be crazed, to be fascinated.
- Cresshie**, greasy.
- Crooks**, old eyes that have given over bearing
- Cronis**, or **Crony**, an intimate acquaintance.
- Crood**, or **Croud**, to coo as a dove.
- Croon**, a hollow, continued mean; to make a noise like the continued roar of a bull; to hum a tune.
- Creoning**, humming.
- Crouchin**, crook-backed.
- Crouse**, cheerful, courageous.
- Crouselly**, cheerfully, courageously.
- Crowdie**, a composition of oat-meal and boiled water, sometimes from the broth of beef, mutton, &c.
- Crowdie-time**, breakfast time.
- Croulin**, crawling, creeping.
- Crummock**, a cow with crooked horns.
- Crump**, hard and brittle; spoken of bread.
- Crunt**, a blow on the head with a cudgel.
- Cuif**, a blockhead, a ninny.
- Cummock**, a short staff with a crooked head.
- Curchie**, a courtesy.
- Carler**, a player at a game on the ice, practised in Scotland, called curling.
- Curlic**, curled; and whose hair falls naturally in ringlets.
- Curling**, a well known game on the ice.
- Curmurring**, murmuring, a slight rumbling noise.
- Curpin**, the crupper.
- Cushat**, the dove, or wood-pigeon.
- Cutty**, short, a spoon broken in the middle, a light woman.
- Cutty-stool**, the stool on which culprits sit when making public satisfaction in the

kirk for having committed fornication.

D

Daddie, a father.

Daetz, stupified, deprived of vigour or sensibility.

Daffin, merriment, foolishness.

Daft, merry, giddy, foolish.

Diamen, rare, now and then.

Diamen-icker, an ear of corn now and then.

Dainty, pleasant, good humoured, agreeable.

Dales, plains, valleys.

Danton, to intimidate, to subdue.

Dam, urine, piddle.

Darklins, darkling, being in the dark, void of light.

Daud, to thrash, to abuse.

Daur, to dare, to defy.

Daurt, dared, defied.

Daurg, or *Daurk*, a day's labour.

Davoc, David.

Dawd, a large piece.

Dawtit, or *Dautet*, fondled, caressed.

Dearies, dimin. of dears.

Dearthfu', dear.

Deave, to deafen.

Deil-ma-care! no matter for all that.

Delserit, delirious.

Describe, to describe.

Deule, a stunning blow.

Diddle, to shake, to jig.

Dight, to wipe, to clean corn from chaff; cleaned from chaff.

Dights, clean.

Din, swallow.

Ding, to worst, to push.

Dianna, do not.

Dirl, - a slight tremulous stroke or pain.

Dizen, or *Diz'n*, a dozen.

Doited, stupified, kebatated.

Dolt, stupified, crazed, a stupid fellow.

Donsie, unlucky.

Dool sorrow; to sing dool, to lament, to mourn.

Doos, doves.

Dorty, saucy, nice, discontented.

Douce, or *Douse*, sober, wise, prudent.

Doucelly, soberly, prudently.

Dought, was, or were able.

Doup skelper, one who strikes the tail.

Dour, sullen, obstinate.

Doure, stout, durable, sullen, stubborn.

Douser, more prudent.

Dow, am or are able, can.

Dowff, pithless, wanting spirit.

Dowie, worn with grief, fatigue, &c. half asleep.

Downa, am or are not able, cannot.

Doylt, stupid.

Drap, a drop; to drop.

Dropping, dropping.

Draunting, drawling.

Dreep, to ooze, to drop.

Dreigh, tedious, long about it.

Dribble, drizzling, slaver.

Driddle, to be diligent insignificantly.

Drift, a drove.

Droddum, the beech.

Drone, part of a bagpipe.

Drop-rumpl't, that droops at the crupper.

Droukit, drenched, wet.

Drouth, thirst, drought.

Drucken, drunken.

Drumly, muddy, thick, obscure.

Drummock, meal and water mixed raw.

Drunt, pet, sour humour

Doup, the backside.
Dub, a small pond.
Duds, rags, clothes.
Duddie, ragged.
Dung, worsted, pushed,
 driven, exhausted.
Dunted, beaten, boxed.
Dush, to push as a ram, &c.
Dusht, pushed by a ram, oz,
 &c.

E.

E'e, the eye.
E'en, the eyes.
E'enin, evening, the close of
 the day.
Eerie, frightened, dreading
 spirits.
Eild, old age.
Elbuck, the elbow.
Eldritch, ghastly, frightful.
En', end.
Enbrugh, Edinburgh.
Eneugh, enough.
Especial, especially.
Ettle, to try, to attempt, to
 endeavour.
Eydent, diligent, industrious.

F.

Fa', fall, lot; to fall.
Fas', does fall; water-falls.
Faddom't, fathomed.
Fue, a foe, an enemy.
Faem, foam.
Faiket, unknown, unemploy-
 ed.
Fairin, a present at fair-time.
Fallow, fellow.
Fand, did find.
Farl, a cake of bread.
Fash, trouble, care; to trouble,
 to care for.
Fashionous, troublesome.
Fasht, troubled.
Faster & *een*, *Fasteens* Even.
Fauld, a fold; to fold

Faulding, folding.
Faut, fault.
Knosont, decent, seemly
Feat, a field; smooth.
Fearfu', frightful.
Fear't, frighted.
Feat, neat, spruce.
Fecht, to fight; a struggle of
 whatever kind.
Fitchin, fighting.
Fechtin, fighting.
Foek, many, plenty.
Focket, waistcoat.
Feckfu', large, brawny, stout.
Feckles, puny, weak, silly,
 trifling.
Feckly, weakly
Feg, a fig.
Fende, feud, enmity.
Fell, kren, biting; the flesh
 immediately under the skin;
 a field pretty level, on the
 side or top of a hill.
Fen, successful struggle,
 fight.
Fend, to live comfortably.
Fertie, or *Ferly*, to wonder, a
 wonder, a term of contempt.
Fetch, to pull by fits.
Fetch't, pulled intermittently.
Fey, foe.
Fidge, to fidget.
Fiel, soft, smooth.
Fient, fiend, a petty oath.
Bier, sound, healthy; a bro-
 ther, a friend.
Fisle, to make a rustling
 noise, to fidget; a bustle.
Fit, a foot.
Fizz, to make a hissing noise,
 like fermentation.
Flainen, flannel.
Fleech, to supplicate, or en-
 treat in a flattering man-
 ner.
Fleech'd, supplicated.
Fleechin, supplicating.
Fleesh, a fleece.
Fleg, a kick, a random blow.

- Flether**, to decoy by fair words.
Fletherin, flattering.
Flewit, a smart blow.
Fley, to scare, to frighten.
Flichter, to flutter, as young nestlings, when their dam approaches.
Flinders, shreds, broken pieces.
Flingin-tree, a piece of timber hung by way of partition betwixen two horses in a stable; a flail.
Flisk, to fret at the yoke.
Fliskit, fretted.
Flitter, to vibrate like the wings of small birds.
Fluttering, fluttering, vibrating.
Flunkie, a servant in livery.
Foord, a ford.
Forbears, forefathers, ancestors.
Forbye, besides.
Forfain, distressed, worn out, jaded.
Forfoughten, fatigued.
Forgather, to meet, to encounter with.
Forge, to forgive.
Forjesket, jaded with fatigue.
Forrit, forward.
Fother, fodder.
Fou, full, drunk.
Foughten, troubled, harassed.
Fouth, plenty, enough, or more than enough.
Fow, a bushel, &c.; also a pitchfork.
Frae, from.
Freath, froth.
Frien', friend.
Fu', full.
Fud, the scut or tail of the hare, coney, &c.
Fuff, to blow intermittently.
Fuff't, did blow.
Funnie, full of merriment.
Fur, a furrow.
Furm, a form, bench.
Fyke, trifling cares; to piddle, to be in a fuss about trifles; to agitate.
Fyle, to soil, to dirty, to pollute.
Fyl't, soiled, dirtied, polluted.

G.

- Gab**, the mouth; to speak boldly, or pertly.
Gaberlunzie, an old man.
Gadsman, ploughboy, the boy that drives the horses in the plough.
Gae, to go.
Gaed, went.
Gaen, or **Gane**, gone.
Gaun, going.
Gaet, or **Gule**, way, manner road.
Gang, to go, to walk.
Gungril, strolling, wandering, roving.
Gar, to make, to force.
Gar't, forced.
Garten, a garter.
Gash, wise, sagacious, talkative; to converse.
Gashin, conversing.
Gauy, jolly, large.
Gawky, half-witted, foolish, romping.
Gear, riches, goods of any kind.
Geck, to toss the head in wantonness or scorn.
Ged, a pike.
Gentles, great folks.
Geordie, a guinea.
Get, a child, a young one.
Ghaist, a ghost.
Gie, to give.
Gied, gave.
Girn, given.
Gistie, dimin. of gift.
Giglets, playful girls

- Gillie, dimin. of gill.
 Gilpey, a half crown, half in-
 formed boy or girl, a romp-
 ing lad, a hoiden.
 Gimmer, an ewe from one to
 two years old.
 Gin, if, against.
 Gipsy, a young girl.
 Girale, a round plate of iron
 for toasting cakes over the
 fire.
 Girn, to grin, to twist the
 features in rage, agony,
 &c.
 Girning, grinning.
 Gizz, a periwig.
 Glaikit, inattentive, foolish.
 Glaive, a sword.
 Glazie, glittering, smooth
 like glass.
 G'laum'd, aimed, snatched.
 Gleg, sharp, ready.
 Gleib, glebe.
 Glen, dale, deep valley.
 Gley, asquint, to squint.
 Glib-gabbet, that speaks
 smoothly, and readily.
 Glint, to peep.
 Glinted, peeped.
 Glintin, peeping.
 Gloamin, the twilight.
 Glowr, to stare, to look, a
 stare, a look.
 Glowr'd, looked, stared
 Glowran, staring.
 Goawan, looking or staring
 awkwardly.
 Gowan, the flower of the
 daisy, dandelion, hawk-
 weed, &c.
 Gowany, gowany glens, dai-
 sied dales.
 Gowd, gold.
 Gowff, the name of golf; to
 strike, as the bat does the
 ball at golf.
 Gowff'd, struck.
 Gowk, a cuckoo, a term of
 contempt.
 Gowl, to howl.
 Gowling, howling
 Graff, a grave.
 Grain, or Grane, a groan; to
 groan.
 Grain'd and Graunted,
 groaned and grunted.
 Graining, groaning.
 Graip, a pronged instrument
 for cleansing stables.
 Graith, accoutrements, fur-
 niture, dress.
 Grannie, a grandmother.
 Grape, to grope.
 Grapit, groped.
 Grat, wept, shed tears.
 Great, intimate, familiar.
 Gree, to agree; to bear the
 gree, to be decidedly victor.
 Gree't, agreed.
 Greet, to shed tears, to weep.
 Greetin, crying, weeping.
 Grippet, caught, seized.
 Grout, to wet the whistle of
 one's goat, to play a losing
 game.
 Grousome, loathsome, grim.
 Grozel, a gooseberry.
 Grumph, a grunt; to grunt.
 Grumphie, a sow.
 Grun', ground.
 Grunstone, a grindstone.
 Gruntle, the phiz, a grunting
 noise
 Grunzie, the mouth.
 Grushie, thick, of thriving
 growth.
 Gude, the Supreme Being;
 good.
 Guid, good.
 Guid-morning, good morn-
 ing.
 Guid's'en, good evening.
 Guidman and Guidwife, the
 master and mistress of the
 house; young guldman, a
 man newly married.
 Guidfather, a father-in-law.
 Guidmother, a mother-in-law

Gully, or Gullie, a large knife.
Gumlie, muddy, turbid.
Gumption, understanding, judgment.
Gusty, tasteful.

II.

Ha', hall.
Ha' Bible, the great Bible that lies in the hall.
Hae, to have.
Haen, had.
Haet, bent haet, a petty oath of negation; nothing.
Hafet, the temple, the side of the head.
Haffins, nearly half, partly.
Hag, a scar, or gulf in mosses or moors; an ugly old woman.
Haggis, a kind of pudding boiled in the stomach of a cow or sheep.
Hain, to spare, to save.
Hain'd, spared.
Hairst, harvest.
Haith, a petty oath.
Haivers, nonsense, speaking without thought.
Hal', or Hald, an abiding place.
Hale, whole, tight, healthy.
Haly, holy.
Hallan, a particular partition wall in a cottage, or more properly a seat of turf at the outside.
Hallowmas, Hallow-eve, the 31st of October.
Hame, home.
Hamely, homely, affable.
Hameward, homeward.
Han', or Haun', hand.
Hap, an outer garment, mantle, plaid, &c.; to wrap, to cover, to hap.
Happer, a hopper.
Mannins hoppins

Hap-step-an'-loup, hop, skip and leap.
Harkit, hearkened.
Harn, very coarse linen.
Hash, a fellow that neither knows how to dress nor act with propriety.
Hastit, hastened.
Hand, to hold.
Haughs, low-lying, rich lands, valleys.
Hauri, to drag, to peel.
Haurlin, peeling.
Haverel, a half-witted person one who talks foolishly.
Havins, good manners, decorum, good sense.
Hawkie, a cow, properly one with a white face.
Healsome, healthful, wholesome.
Heapit, heaped.
Hearse, hoarse.
Hear't, hear it.
Heartie, dimin. of heat.
Heather, heath.
Heck! oh! strange!
Hecht, promised to foretell something that is to be got or given; foretold; the thing foretold; offered.
Heckle, a board in which are fixed a number of sharp pins, used in dressing hemp, flax, &c.
Herze, to elevate, to raise.
Helim, the rudder, or helm.
Herd, to tend flocks; one who tends flocks.
Herrin, a herring.
Herry, to plunder; most properly to plunder bird's nests.
Herryment, plundering, devastation.
Hersel, herself; also a hero of cattle of any sort.
Met, hot.
Hcugh, a crag a coal y^e

Hide and Hair, the carcass and hide, the whole.

Hilch; to hobble; to halt.

Hilchin, halting.

Hiltie-skiltie, in rapid succession.

Himself, himself.

Hincy, honey.

Hing, hang.

Hirple, to walk crazily, to creep.

Hirplin, walking crazily.

Hissel, so many cattle as one person can attend.

Histie, dry, chapt, barren.

Hitch, a loop, a knot.

Hizzie, huzzy, a young girl.

Hoddin, the motion of a sage countryman riding on a cart-horse; humble.

Hog-score, a kind of distance-line, in curling, drawn across the rink.

Hog shouter, a kind of horse-play, by juggling with the shoulder; to juggle.

Hool, outer skin or case, a nut-shell, prase-swade.

Hoolie, slowly, leisurely.

Hoolie! take leisure! stop.

Hoord, a hoard; to hoard.

Hoordit, hoarded.

Horn, a spoon made of horn.

Hornie, one of the many names of the devil.

Host, or *Hoast*, to cough.

Hostin, coughing.

Hosts, coughs.

Hotch'd, turned topsy-turvey, blended, mixed.

Houghmagandie, fornication.

Houp, hope.

Housie, dimin. of house.

Hove, to heave, to swell.

Hov'd, heave!, swelled.

Howdis, a midwife.

Howe, hollow; a hollow or dell.

Howe-backit, sunk in the back, spoken of a horse, &c.

Howff, a landlady, a house of resort.

Howk, to dig.

Howkit, digged.

Howkin, digging.

Howlet or *Houlet*, an owl.

Hoy, to urge.

Hoy't, urged.

Hoyse, a pull upwards.

Hoyte, to amble crazily.

Hughor, dimin. of *Hugh*.

Hunkers, the ham, the hinder part of the thigh.

Hurcheon, a hedgehog; a term of slight anger.

Hurdies, the loins, the crupper.

Hushion, a cushion, stockings without feet.

I.

I', in.

Icker, an ear of corn.

Ier-or, a great grand child.

Ilk, or *Ilka*, each, every.

Ill-willie, ill-natured, malicious, niggardly.

Ingine, genius, ingenuity.

Ingle, fire, fire-place.

Isc, I shall or will.

Ither, other, one another.

J.

Jad, jade; also a familiar term among country folks for a giddy young girl.

Jag, to prick, to pierce.

Jauk, to dally, to trifle.

Jaukin, trifling, dallying.

Jauntie, dimin. of jaunt.

Jaup, a jerk of water; to jerk as agitated water.

Jaw, coarse raillery; to pour out, to shut, to jerk as water.

Jillit, a jilt, a giddy girl.

Jump, to jump; slender in the waist, handsome.

Jink, to dodge, to turn a corner; a sudden turning a corner.

Jinker, one who turns quickly, a gay sprightly girl, a wag.

Jinking, dodging.

Jirk, a jerk.

Jo or Joe, a sweetheart, a favourite.

Joctleg, a kind of knife.

Jouk, to stoop, to bow the head.

Jow, to jow, a verb which includes both the swinging motion and pealing sound of a large bell.

Jundie, to juggle.

K.

Kae, a daw.

Kail, colewort, a kind of broth.

Kail-runt, the stem of colewort.

Kain, fowls, &c. paid as rent by a farmer.

Kebars, rafters.

Kebluck, a cheese.

Keek, a peep, to peep.

Kelpies, a sort of mischievous spirits, said to haunt fords and ferries at night, especially in storms.

Ken, to know.

Ken'd or Kent, knew.

Kinnin, a small matter.

Kenspeckle, well-known.

Ket, metted, hairy; a flecce of wool.

Kaiugh, carking anxiety.

Kilt, to truss up the clothes.

Kimmer, a young girl, a gossip.

Kin, kindred.

Kin', kind.

King's-head, a certain part of the entrails of an ox, &c.

Kintra, country.

Kintra-coozer, a country stallion.

Kirn, the harvest supper, a churning to churn.

Kirsan, to christen, or baptize.

Kist, a chest, a shop counter.

Kitchen, any thing that is eaten with bread, to serve for soup, gravy, &c.

Kith, kindred.

Kittle, to tickle, ticklish, likely.

Kittlin, a young cat.

Kiuttle, to cuddle.

Kiuttlin, cuddling.

Knaggie, like nags, or points of rocks.

Knappin hammer, a hammer for breaking stones.

Knove, a small round hillock.

Knurl, a dwarf.

Kye, cows.

Kyle, a district of Ayrshire.

Kyte, the belly.

Kythe, to discover, to show one's self.

L.

Laddie, dimin. of lad.

Laggen, the angle between the side and bottom of a wooden dish.

Lairgh, low.

Lairing, loading and sinking in snow, mud, &c.

Laith, loath.

Laithfu', bashful, sheepish, modest.

Lalland, a native of the low lands of Scotland.

Lallans, Scottish dialect.

Lambie, dimin. of lamb.

Lampit, a kind of shell-fish.

Lan' land estate

Lane, lone, my lane, thy lane, &c.
Lanely, lonely.
Lang, long; to think long; to long, to weary.
Lap, did leap.
Lave, the rest, the remainder, the others.
Laverock, the lark.
awin, shot, reckoning bill.
Lawlan, lowland..
Lea, pasture, ground unploughed.
Lea'e, to leave.
Leal, loyal, true, faithful.
Lea-rig, grassy ridge
Lear, pronounced lair, learning.
Lee-lang, live-long.
Leesome, pleasant.
Leeze me, a phrase of congratulatory endearment: I am happy in thee, or proud of thee.
Leister, a three-pronged dart for striking fish.
Leugh, did laugh.
Leuk, a look; to look.
Libbet, gelded.
Lie'n, lying.
Lift, sky
Lightly, sneeringly; to sneer at.
Lilt, a ballad, a tune; to sing.
Limmer, a kept mistress, a strumpet.
Limp't, limped, hobbled.
Link, to trip along.
Linkin, tripping.
Linn, a water-fall, a precipice.
Lint, flax; lint i' the bell, flax in flower.
Lintwhite, a linnet.
Lippen'd, trusted, put confidence in.
Loan, or Loanin, the place of milking.
Loof, the palm of the hand.

Loot, did let.
Looves, plural of loof.
Loun, a fellow, a ragamuffin, a woman of easy virtue.
Loup, jump, leap.
Lowe, a flame.
Lowin, flaming.
Lowrie, abbreviation of Lawrence.
Lowse, to loose.
Lows'd, loosed.
Lug, the ear, a handle.
Luggie, a small wooden dish with handle.
Lum, the chimney.
Luch, a large piece of cheese, flesh, &c.
Lunt, a column of smoke; to smoke.
Luntin, smoking.
Lyart, of a mixed colour; gray.

M.

Mac, more.
Mair, more.
Maist, most, almost
Maistly, mostly.
Maik, to make.
Makin, making.
Mailen, a farm.
Mallie, Molly.
'Mang, among.
Manse, the parsonage house, where the minister lives.
Manteele, a mantle.
Mark, or Merk; an ancient Scottish silver coin, in value thirteen pence and one-third of a penny sterling.
Mark, marks. (This and several other nouns, which in English require an s to form the plural are in Scotch, like the words sheep, deer, the same in both numbers.)

Mar's year, the year 1715.
Mashlum, Meslin, mixed corn.
Mask, to mash, as malt, &c. to infuse.
Maskin-pat, a tea-pot.
Mauken, a hare.
Mauu, must.
Mavis, the thrush.
Maw, to mow.
Mawin, mowing.
Moore, a mare.
Meickle, or Meikle, much.
Melancholius, mournful.
Melder, corn, or grain of any kind, sent to the mill to be ground.
Mell, to meddle; also a mallet for pounding barley in a stone trough.
Melvie, to soil with meal.
Men', to amend, to reform, to change from worse to better.
Mense, good manners, decorum.
Menseless, ill bred, rude, impudent.
Messin, a small dog.
Midden, a dunghill.
Midden-creels, baskets for holding dung.
Midden-hole, a gutter at the bottom of a dunghill.
Mid, prim, affectedly mock.
Min', mind, remembrances.
Mind't, mind it, resolved, intending.
Minnie, mother, dam.
Mirk, dark.
Mirkest, darkest.
Misca', to abuse, to call names.
Misca'd, abused.
Mislear'd, mischievous, unmannerly.
Mistook, mistook.
Mither, a mother.
Mixtie-maxtie, confusedly mixed.

Moil, labour.
Moistify, to moisten.
Monie, or Mony, many.
Moop, to nibble as a sheep.
Morlan', of or belonging to moors.
Morn, the next day, to-morrow.
Mottie, full of moles or small particles of matter.
Mou, the mouth.
Moudiewert, a mole.
Mousie, dimin. of mouse.
Muckle, or Mickle, great, big much.
Musie, dimin. of muse.
Muslin-kail, broth composed simply of water, shelled barley, and greens.
Mutchkin, an English pint.
Mysel, myself.

N.

Na, no, not, nor.
Nae, no, not any.
Naething, or Naithing, no thing.
Naig, a horse
Nane, none.
Nappy, ale; to be tipsy.
Natch, to lay hold of violently
Neebor, a neighbour.
Neglackit, neglected.
Neuk, nook.
Niest, next in order, or next in time.
Nieve, the fist.
Nievefu, a handful, a small quantity.
Nieffer, an exchange; to exchange, to barter.
Nigor, a negro.
Nine tailed cat, a hangman's whip.
Nit, a nut.
Norland, of or belonging to the north.
Notic't, noticed, observed

Nowts, black cattle.

O.

O', of.

Ochels, name of mountains.

O haith! O faith! an oath.

Onie, or Ony, any.

Or, is often used for ere, before.

Orra, superfluous, unwanted.

O't, of it.

Oughtlins, in the least degree.

Ourie, shivering, drooping.

Oursel, or Oursels, ourselves.

Outlers, cattle not housed.

Ower, over, too.

Owre-hip, a way of fetching a blow with a hammer over the arm.

P.

Pack, intimate, familiar; twelve stone of wool.

Paidel, to paddle, to play in water.

Painch, the paunch.

Patrick, a partridge.

Pang, to cram.

Parle, speech.

Parritch, oat-meal pudding, a well-known Scotch dish.

Pat, did put, a pot.

Pattle, or Pettie, a plough-staff.

Paughty, proud, haughty.

Pawky, or Pawkie, cunning, sly.

Pay't, paid, beat.

Pech, to fetch the breath short as in an asthma.

Peckan, the crop, the stomach.

Peelin, peeling.

Pet, a domesticated sheep; a great favourite.

Pettie, to cherish; a plough-staff.

Philbega, short petticoats worn by highlandmen.

Phraise, fair speeches, flattery; to flatter, to wheedle.

Phraisin, flattery.

Pibroch, a highland war song adapted to the bagpipe.

Pickle, a small quantity.

Pine, pain, uneasiness.

Pit, to put.

Placad, a public proclamation.

Plack, an old Scotch coin the thirdpart of a Scotch penny, twelve of which make an English penny.

Plackless pennyless, without money.

Plaid, an outer loose garment.

Platis, dimin. of plate.

Pleugh, or Plew, a plough.

Pliukie, a trick, a mischief.

Pock, a bag; a small sack.

Poind, to seize on cattle, or take the goods, as the laws of Scotland allow, for rent.

Poortith, poverty, indigence.

Pou, to pull.

Pouch, a pocket.

Pouchie, dimin. of pouch.

Pouk, to pluck.

Pouse, to push, to penetrate.

Poussie, a hare, a cat.

Pout, a poult, a chick.

Pow't, did pull.

Pouther, or Powther, powder.

Pouthery, like powder.

Pow, the head, the skull.

Pownie, a little horse.

Preen, a pin, a pointed short piece of wire.

Prent, print.

Prie, to taste.

Prie'd, tasted.

Prief, proof.

Prig, to cheapen, to dispute.

Priggin, cheapening.

Primis, demure, precise.

Propose, to lay down, to propose.

Provost, the first magistrate of a royal borough, answering to Lord Mayor in England.

Proveses, plural of Provost.

Pund, round, pounds.

Pyle, a pile o' chaff, a single grain of chaff.

Q.

Quak, to quake.

Quat, to quit.

Quey, a cow from one to two years old.

R.

Ragweed, herb ragwort.

Raible, to rattle nonsense; to talk foolishly.

Rair, to roar.

Raize, to madden, to inflame.

Rom-fesl'd, fatigued, over-spread.

Ram-stam, thoughtless, forward.

Randis, turbulent, irregular, unsettled.

Rantie, merry, cheerful, jovial.

Ruplock, properly a coarse cloth, but used as an ad-noun for coarse.

Rarely, excellently, very well.

Rash, a rush.

Rash-buss, a bush of rushes.

Ratan, a throb, a pulsation.

Ratton, a rat.

Raucle, rash, stout, fearless.

Raught, reached.

Raw, a row.

Rax, to stretch.

Rax'd, stretched, levied.

Ream, cram; to cram.

Reamin, brimful, frothing.

Reame, rowe.

Reck, to heed.

Rede, counsel, to counsel.

Red-wat-shod, walking in blood over the shoe tops.

Red-wud, stark mad.

Ree, half-drunk, fuddled.

Reek, smoke, to smoke.

Reekin, smoking.

Reekit, smoked, smoky.

Remead, remedy, alternative.

Requite, required.

Rest, to stand restive.

Restit, stood restive, stunted, withered.

Restrieked, restricted.

Rew, repent.

Rief, or Reef, plenty.

Rief-randies, sturdy beggars

Rig, a ridge.

Rin, to run, to melt.

Rink, the course of the stones, a term in curling on ice.

Rinnin, running.

Ripp, a handful of unthrashed corn.

Riskit, made a noise like the tearing of roots.

Rockin, a term derived from those primitive times, when neighbours met alternately at one another's houses to spend the evening; the females, that they might enjoy the gossip without the imputation of idleness, brought their rocks or distaffs with them.

Rood, stands likewise for the plural roods.

Room, a shred.

Roose, to praise, to commend; applause.

Roun', round, in the circle of neighbourhood.

Roupot, hoarse as with a cold.

Routhie, plentiful.

Row, to roll, to wrap.

Row't, rolled, wrapped.

Rowte, to low, to bellow.

Rowth, or Routh, plenty.
Rowtin, lowing.
Rozet, rosin.
Rung, a cudgel.
Runkled, wrinkled.
Runt, the stem of colewort or cabbage.
Ruth, a woman's name, the book so called; sorrow.

S.

Sae, so.
Soft, soft.
Sair, to serve; a core.
Sairly, or Sarlie, sorely.
Sair't, served.
Sark, a shirt.
Sarkit, provided in shirts.
Saugh, the willow.
Saul, soul.
Saumont, salmon.
Saunt, a saint.
Saut, salt.
Saw, to sow.
Sawin, sowing.
Sax, six.
Scaith, to damage, to injure; injury.
Scar, to scare; a scar.
Scaud, to scald.
Scauld, to scold.
Scone, a kind of bread.
Sconner, a loathing, to loathe.
Soraich, to scream as a hen, partridge, &c.
Screed, to tear; a rent.
Srieve, to glide swiftly along.
Scrievin, gleesomely, swiftly.
Scrimp, to scant.
Scrimpet, did scant, scanty.
See'd, did see.
Seizin, seizing.
Sel, self; a body's sel, one's self alone.
Sell't, did sell.
Send, to send.

Sen't, I, he or she sent, or did send, send it.
Servan', servant.
Session, an inferior spiritual court, of the kirk of Scotland, consisting of an assembly of elders, who sit in judgment, and pronounce sentence on Christian delinquents.
Settlin, settling; to get a settlin, to be frightened into quietness.
Sets, sets off, goes away.
Shackl'd, distorted, deformed.
Shaird, a shred, a shard.
Shangan, a stick cleft at one end, for putting the tail of a dog, &c. into, by way of mischief, or to frighten him away.
Shave, a trick, any thing done to cheat jocose, or to divert.
Shaver, a humorous wag, a barber.
Shavie, dimin. of shave.
Shaw, to show; a small wood in a hollow place.
Shearer, a reaper, one employed in cutting down corn.
Sheen, bright, shining.
Sheep-shank, to think one's self nae sheep-shank, to be conceited.
Sherra-moor, Sheriff-moor, the field where the famous battle of that name was fought in the rebellion of 1715.
Sheugh, a ditch, a trench, a sluice.
Shiel, a shod.
Skrill, shrill.
Shog, a shock, a push off at one side.
Shool, a shovel.
Shoon, shoes.

- Shore**, to offer, to give, to threaten.
Shor'd, offered.
Shouther, the shoulder.
Sic, such.
Sicker, sure, steady.
Sidelins, sidelong, slanting.
Siller, silver, money.
Simmer, a summer.
Signet, singed, scorched, despicable.
Sin, a son.
Sin', since.
Sinny, sunny.
Sinsyne, since.
Skaith. See *Scaith*.
Skellum, a worthless fellow.
Skelp, to strike, to slap; to walk with a smart tripping step; a smart stroke.
Skelpi-limmer, a technical term in female scolding.
Skelpin, Stapping, walking, eager, warm.
Skiegh, or *Skeigh*, proud, nice, high-mettled.
Skinklin, a small portion.
Skirl, to shriek, to cry shrilly.
Skirling, shrieking, crying?
Skirl't, shrieked.
Sklent, slant; to run aslant, to deviate from truth.
Skliented, ran, or hit in an oblique direction.
Skreigh, a scream; to scream.
Skyrin, shining, making a great show.
Skyte, force, violence.
Slade, did slide.
Slac, a sloe.
Slap, a gate, a breach in a fence.
Slaw, slow.
Sles, sly.
Sleest, slyest.
Sleekit, sleek, sly, cunning.
Sliddery, slippery.
Slype, to fall over, as a wet furrow from the plough.
- Slypet**, fell.
Sma', small.
Smeddum, dust, powder, mot-tle, sense.
Smiddy, a smithy.
Smoor, to smother.
Smaor'd, smothered.
Smoutie, smutty, obscene, ugly.
Smytrie, a numerous collection of small individuals.
Shaking, the champing of a dog's teeth when he aims at his prey.
Snapper, stumble.
Snash, abuse, Billingsgate.
Snaw, snow; to snow.
Snaw-broo, melted snow.
Snawie, snowie.
Sneek, latch of a door.
Sned, to lop, to cut off.
Sneeskin, snuff.
Sneeskin-mill, a snuff box.
Snell, bitter, biting.
Snick drawing, thick contriving.
Snick, the latchet of a door.
Snool, one whose spirit is broken with oppressive slavery; to submit tamely, to sneak, to oppress.
Snoove, to go smoothly and constantly, to sneak.
Snowff, to scent or snuff, as a dog, horse, &c.
Snowkit, scented, snuffed.
Sodger, a soldier.
Sonsie, having sweet engaging looks; lucky, jolly.
Soom, to swim.
South, truth, a petty oath.
Sough, a sigh, a sound dying on the ear.
Souple, flexible, swift.
Souler, a shoemaker.
Sowens, a dish made of oat-meal, the seeds of oat-meal soured, &c. boiled up till

- they make an agreeable pudding.
 Sowp, a spoonful, a small quantity of any thing liquid.
 Sowth, to try over a tune with a low whistle.
 Sowther, solder; to solder, to cement.
 Spae, to prophesy, to divine.
 Spairge, to dash, to soil as with mire.
 Spaul, a limb.
 Spavie, the spavin.
 Spaviet, having the spavin.
 Speat, or Spale, a sweeping torrent, after rain or thaw.
 Speel, to climb.
 Speet, to spit, to thrust through.
 Spence, the country parlour.
 Spier, to ask, to inquire.
 Spier't, inquired.
 Splatter, a splutter; to splutter.
 Splouchan, a tobacco-pouch.
 Splore, a frolic, a noise, a riot.
 Sprattle, to scramble.
 Spreckled, spotted, speckled, clambered.
 Spring, a quick air in music, a Scottish reel.
 Sprit, a tough rooted plant, something like rushes.
 Sprittle, full of spirits.
 Spunk, fire, mettle, wit.
 Spunkie, mettlesome, fiery; will-o'-whisp, or ignis fatuus.
 Spurtle, a stick used in making oat-meal pudding, or porridge, a notable Scotch dish.
 Squad, a crew, a party.
 Squatter, to flutter in water, as a wild duck, &c.
 Squattle, to sprawl, to struggle.
- Squeel, a scream, a screech, to scream.
 Stacher, to stagger.
 Stack, a rick of corn, hay, &c.
 Staggie, dimin. of stag.
 Stalwart, strong, stout.
 Stan', to stand.
 Stan't, did stand.
 Stane, a stone.
 Stank, did stink; a pool of standing water.
 Stap, stop.
 Stark, stout.
 Startle, to run as cattle stung by the gad-fly.
 Staukin, stalking, walking with a stately step.
 Staumrel, a blockhead, half-witted.
 Staw, did steal, to surfeit.
 Steck, to cram the belly.
 Stechin, cramming.
 Steek, to shut; a stick.
 Steer, to molest, to stir.
 Steeve, firm, compacted.
 Stoll, a still.
 Sten, to rear as a horse.
 Sten't, reared.
 Stents, tribute, dues of any kind.
 Stey, steep.
 Stryest, steepest.
 Stibble, stubble.
 Stibble-rig, the reaper in harvest who takes the lead.
 Stick an' stow, totally, altogether.
 Stilt, a crutch; to halt, to limp.
 Stimpert, the eighth part of a Winchester bushel.
 Stirk, a cow or bullock a year old.
 Stock, a plant or root of celery, wort, cabbage, &c.
 Stockin, stocking, throwing the stocking; when the bride and bridegroom are put into bed and the candle out.

- the former throws a stock-
 ing at random among the
 company, and the person
 whom it strikes is the next
 that will be married.
Stooked, made up in shocks as
 corn.
Stoor, sounding hollow,
 strong and hoarse.
Stot, an ox.
Steup, or **Stowp**, a kind of
 jug; or dish, with a handle.
Stoure, dust, more particu-
 larly dust in motion.
Stowline, by stealth.
Stown, stolen.
Stoyts, stumble.
Strack, did strike.
Stras, straw, to die a fair
 strae death, to die in bed.
Straik, did strike.
Straikit, stroked.
Strappan, tall and handsome.
Straught, straight.
Streak, stretched; to stretch.
Striddle, to straddle.
Stroan, to spout, to piss.
Strunt, spirituous liquer of
 any kind; to walk sturdily.
Studdie, an anvil.
Stumpie, dimin. of stump.
Stuff, corn or pulse of any
 kind.
Sturt, troubled; to molest.
Sturtin, frighted.
Sucker, sugar.
Sud, should.
Sugh, the continued rushing
 noise of wind or water.
Suthron, southern, an old
 name for the English na-
 tion.
Swaird, sword.
Swall'd, swelled.
Swankie, or **Swanker**, a tight
 strapping young fellow or
 girl.
Swap, an exchange; to barter.
Swarf, sweep.
Swat, did sweat.
Swatch, a sample.
Swats, drink, good ale.
Sweatin, sweating.
Sweer, lazy, averse; dead-
 sweet, extremely averse.
Swoor, swore, did swear.
Swinge, to beat, to strike, to
 whip.
Swirl, a curve, an eddying
 blast, or pool, a knot in
 wood.
Swirlie, knaggy, full of knots.
Swith, get away.
Swither, to hesitate in choice;
 an irresolute wavering in
 choice.
Syne, since, ago, then.

T.

- Tackets**, a kind of nails for
 driving into the heels of
 shoes.
Tae, a toe; three tae'd, having
 three prongs.
Tairge, to examine; a target.
Tak, to take,
Takin, taking.
Tamtalla, the name of a
 mountain.
Tangle, a sea-weed.
Tap, the top.
Tapeless, headless, foolish.
Tarrow, to murmur at one's
 allowance.
Tarrow't, murmur.
Tarry-brecks, a sailor.
Tartan, a kind of cloth che-
 quered with stripes of va-
 rious colours.
Tauld, or **Tald**, told.
Taupie, a foolish, thoughtless
 young person.
Tauted, or **Tautie**, matted
 together; spoken of hair or
 wool.
Tawls, that allows itself

- peaceably to be handled;
 spoken of a horse, cow, &c.
 Teat, a small quantity.
 Tedding, spreading after the
 mower.
 Ten-hours-bite, a slight feed
 to the horses while in the
 yoke, in the forenoon.
 Tent, a field pulpit, heed, cau-
 tion; to take heed.
 Tentie, heedful, cautious,
 wary.
 Tentless, heedless.
 Tough, tough.
 Thack, thatch; thack an' rape,
 clothing, necessaries.
 Thae, these.
 Thairms, small guts, fiddle-
 strings.
 Thankit, thanked.
 Theekit, thatched.
 Thegither, together.
 Themsel, themselves.
 Thick, intimate, familiar.
 Thievelless, cold, dry spited;
 spoken of a person's de-
 meanour.
 Thir, these.
 Thirl, to thrill.
 Thirled, thrilled, vibrated.
 Thole, to suffer, to endure.
 Thawe, a thaw; to thaw.
 Thowless, slack, lazy.
 Thrang, throng; a crowd.
 Thrapple, throat, windpipe.
 Thraw, to sprain, to twist, to
 contradict.
 Thrawin, twisting, &c.
 Thrawn, sprained, twisted,
 contradicted, contradiction.
 Threap, to maintain by dint
 of assertion.
 Threshin, thrashing.
 Threteen, thirteen.
 Thristle, thisle.
 Through, to go on with, to
 make out.
 Throuther, pell-mell, confu-
 ly.
 Thud, to make a loud inter-
 mittent noise; a blow pro-
 ducing a dull heavy sound.
 Thumpit, thumped.
 Thysel, thyself.
 Till't, to it.
 Timmer, timber.
 Timmer-propt, propped with
 timber.
 Tine, to lose.
 Tint, lost; tint the gate, lost
 the way.
 Tinkler, a tinker.
 Tip, a ram.
 Tippence, two pence.
 Tirl, to make a slight noise,
 to uncover.
 Turlin, uncovering.
 Tither, the other.
 Tittle, to whisper.
 Tittling, whispering.
 Tocher, marriage portion.
 Tod, a fox.
 Toddle, to totter like the walk
 of a child.
 Toddlin, tottering.
 Toom, empty.
 Toop, a ram.
 Toun, a hamlet, a farm-house.
 Tout, the blast of a horn or
 trumpet, to blow a horn,
 &c.
 Tow, a rope.
 Towmond, a twelve-month.
 Touzie, rough, shaggy.
 Toy, a very old fashion of
 female head-dress.
 Toyte, to totter like old age.
 Trams, shafts.
 Transmugrify'd, transmi-
 grated, metamorphosed,
 Trashtrie, trash.
 Trews, trousers.
 Trickie, full of tricks, play-
 ful.
 Trig, spruce, neat.
 Trimly, excellently.
 Trow, to believe.
 Trowth, truth, a petty oath.

*Trysted, appointed; to tryste,
to make an appointment.*

Try't, tried.

*Tug, raw hide; of which in
old times plough-traces
were frequently made.*

*Tulzie, a quarrel; to quarrel,
to fight.*

Two, two.

Two-three, a few.

'Twad, it would.

*Twal, twelve; twal penny
worth, a small quantity, a
pennyworth.*

Twin, to part.

Tyke, a dog.

U.

*Unco, strange, uncouth, very,
very great, prodigious.*

Uncos, news.

Unfauld, unfold.

Unkenn'd, unknown.

Unsicker, unsure, unsteady.

*Unskaith'd, undamaged, un-
hurt.*

*Unweeting, unwitting, un-
knowing.*

Upo', upon.

Urchin, a hedgehog.

V.

*Vap'rin, vapouring, bully-
ing, bragging.*

Vauntie, vain, proud.

Vera, very.

*Viril, a ring round a column,
&c.*

W.

Wa', wall.

Wa's, walls.

Wabster, a weaver.

*Wad, would; to bet; a bet, a
pledge.*

Wadna, would not.

Wae, woe, sorrowful.

*Waesuck! or Wae me! alas!
O the pity.*

*Waft, the cross thread that
goes from the shuttle
through the web; woof.*

Waifu', wailing.

Wair, to lay out, to expend.

Wale, choice; to choose.

Wal'd, chose, chosen.

*Walie, ample, large, jolly;
also an interjection of dis-
tress.*

Wame, the belly.

Wamefu, a belly full.

*Wanchancie, unlucky, ill-
omened, inauspicious.*

Wanrestfu', restless, uneasy.

Wark, work.

*Wark-lume, a tool to work
with.*

Warl, or Warld, world.

Warlock, a wizard.

*Warly, worldly, eager on
amassing wealth.*

*Warran, a warrant; to war-
rant.*

Warst, worst.

*Warstl'd, or Warsl'd, wres-
tled.*

Wastrie, prodigality.

*Wat, wet; I wat, I wet, I
know.*

*Water-brose, brose made of
meal and water simply,
without the addition of
milk, butter, &c.*

Wattle, a twig, a wand.

Wauble, to swing, to reel.

Waught, draught.

*Waukit, thickened, as fullers
do cloth.*

Waukrife, not apt to sleep.

Waur, worse, to-worst.

Waur't, worsted.

Wean, or Weanie, a child

*Wearie, or Weary; monie a
weary body, many a dis-
ferent person.*

Weason, weasand.

Weaving the stocking. See throwing the stocking, page 62.

Wee, little.

Wee things, little ones.

Wee bit, a small matter.

Weel, well.

Weelfare, welfare.

Weet, rain, wetness

Weird, fate.

We'se, we shall.

Wha, who.

Whaizle, to wheeze.

Whalpit, whelped, brought forth.

Whang, a leathern string, a piece of cheese, bread, &c.; to give the strappado.

Whare, where.

Whare'er, wherever.

Whase, whose.

Whatreck, nevertheless.

Whaup, the curlew, a kind of water-fowl.

Wheep, to fly nimbly, to jerk; penny-wheep, small beer.

Whid, the motion of a hare, running but not frightened; a lie.

Whidden, running as a hare or coney.

Whigmeleeries, whims, fancies, crotchets.

Whingin, crying, complaining, fretting.

Whirligigums, useless ornaments, trifling appendages.

Whirrin', whiffring; the sound made by the flight of the partridge, &c.

Whisht, silence; to hold one's wisht, to be silent.

Whisk, to sweep, to lash.

Whiskin, large, sweeping.

Whiskit, lashed.

Whistle, a whistle; to whistle.

Whitter, a heart-draught of liquor.

Whun-staw, & whinstone.

Whyles, wh- sometimes.

Wi, with.

Wiek, to strike a stone in an oblique direction, a term in curling.

Wicker, willow (the smaller sort.)

Widdiefu', wrathful, angry, raging; one deserving the gallows.

Widdle, struggle, bustle, effort.

Wiel, a small whirlpool.

Wife, a diminutive or endearing term for wife.

Wilfu', willing, full of will.

Willyart, bashful, reserved, timid.

Wimble, to meander, to run very irregularly.

Wimpl't, meandered.

Wimplin, waving, meandering.

Win, to wind, to winnow.

Win't, winded as a bottom of yarn.

Win', wind.

Win's, winds.

Winna, will not.

Winnock, a window.

Winsome, hearty, vaunted, gay.

Winle, a staggering motion; to stagger, to reel.

Winze, an oath.

Wiss, to wish, to have a strong desire.

Withouten, without.

Witless, simple, easily imposed on.

Wizen'd, hide-bound, dried, shrunk.

Wonner, a wonder, a contemptuous appellation.

Wons, dwells, resides.

Woo', wool.

Woo, to court, to make love to.
Woddie, a rope, more properly one made of withes or willows, a halter, a gallows.
Wooser-hab, the garter knotted below the knee with a couple of loops.
Wordy, worthy.
Worset, worsted.
Wow, an exclamation of pleasure or wonder.
Wrack, to tease, to vex.
Wraith, a spirit, ghost; an apparition exactly like a living person, whose appearance is said to forbode the person's approaching death.
Wrang, wrong; to wrong, to injure.
Wreeth, a drifted heap of snow.
Writers, attorneys, lawyers.
Wud-mad, distracted, wild.
Wamble, a whimble, an instrument for boring holes.
Wyle, beguile.
Wyliccoat, a flannel vest.
Wyte, blame; to blame, to accuse.

Y.

Ye; this pronoun is frequently used for thou.
Year, is used both for singular and plural years.
Yearlings, born in the same year, coevals.
Yearns, longs much, desires earnestly.
Yell, barren, that gives no milk.
Yerk, to lash, to strike, to jerk.
Yerkit, jerked, lashed, struck.
Yestreen, yesternight, the night before.
Yett, a gate, such as is usually at the entrance into a farm-yard or field.
Yill, ale.
Yird, earth.
Yokin, yoking, a bout
Yont, beyond.
Yoursel', yourself.
Yowe, an ewe.
Yowie, dimin. of yowe
Yule, Christmas.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

THE following trifles are not the production of the poet, who, with all the advantages of learned art, and perhaps amid the elegances and idleness of upper life, looks down for a rural theme, with an eye to Theocritus or Virgil. To the author of this, these and other celebrated names, their countrymen, are, at least in their original language, *a fountain shut up, and a book sealed*. Unacquainted with the necessary requisites for commencing poet by rule, he sings the sentiments and manners he felt and saw in himself, and his rustic compeers around him, in his and their native language. Though a rhymer from his earliest years, at least from the earliest impulses of the softer passions, it was not till very lately that the applause, perhaps the partiality of friendship, wakened his vanity so far as to make him think any thing of his worth showing; and none of the following works were composed with a view to the press. To amuse himself with the little creations of his own fancy, amid the toil and fatigues of a laborious life; to transcribe the various feelings, the loves, the griefs, the hopes, the fears, in his own breast; to find some kind of counterpoise to the struggles of a world, always an alien scene, a task uncouth to the poetical mind—these were his motives for courting the muses, and in these he found Poetry to be its own reward.

Now that he appears in the public character of an author, he does it with fear and trembling. So dear is fame to the rhyming tribe, that even he, an obscure, nameless bard, shrinks aghast at the thought of being branded as—an impertinent blockhead, obtruding his nonsense on the world; and, because he can make a shift to jingle a few doggerel Scotch rhymes together, looking upon himself as a poet of no small consequence forsooth.

It is an observation of that celebrated poet, Shenstone, whose divine elegies do honour to our language, our nation, and our species, that "*Humility* has depressed many a genius to a hermit, but never raised one to fame!" If any critic catches at the word *Genius*, the author tells him, once for all, that he certainly looks upon himself as possessed of some poetic abilities, otherwise his publishing in the manner he has done, would be a manœuvre below the worst character which, he hopes, his worst enemy will ever give him. But to the genius of a Ramsay, or the glorious dawnings of the poor, unfortunate Ferguson, he, with equal unaffected sincerity, declares, that even in his highest pulse of vanity, he has not the most distant pretensions. These two justly admired Scotch poets he has often had in his eye in the following pieces; but rather with a view to kindle at their flame, than for servile imitation.

To his subscribers, the author returns his most sincere thanks—not the mercenary bow over a counter, but the heart-throbbing gratitude of the bard, conscious how much he owes to benevolence and friendship, for gratifying him, if he deserves it, in that dearest wish of every poetical

bosom—to be distinguished. He begs his readers, particularly the learned and the polite, who may honour him with a perusal, that they will make every allowance for education and circumstances of life; but, if, after a fair, candid, and impartial criticism, he shall stand convicted of dulness and nonsense, let him be done by as he would in that case do by others—let him be condemned, without mercy, to contempt and oblivion.

DEDICATION

TO THE SECOND EDITION.

TO THE NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN OF THE CALEDONIAN
HUNT.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

A SCOTTISH bard, proud of the name, and whose highest ambition is to sing in his Country's service—where shall he so properly look for patronage as to the illustrious names of his native Land; those who bear the honours and inherit the virtues of their Ancestors? The Poetic Genius of my Country found me, as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha—at the *Plough*; and threw her inspiring *Mantle* over me. She bade me sing the loves, the joys, the rural scenes and rural pleasures of my native soil, in my native tongue; I tuned my wild, artless notes, as she inspired. She whispered me to come to this ancient Metropolis of Caledonia, and lay my songs under your honoured protection.

Though much indebted to your goodness, I do not approach you, my Lords and Gentlemen, in the usual style of dedication, to thank you for past favours. That path is so hackneyed by prostituted learning, that honest rusticity is ashamed of it. Nor do I present this address with the venal soul of a servile Author, looking for a continuation of those favours: I was bred

to the Plough, and am independent. I come to claim the common Scottish name with you, my illustrious countrymen; and to tell the world that I glory in the title. I come to congratulate my Country that the blood of her ancient heroes still runs uncontaminated; and that from your courage, knowledge, and public spirit, she may expect protection, wealth and liberty. In the last place, I come to proffer my warmest wishes to the great Fountain of honour, the Monarch of the Universe, for your welfare and happiness. When you go forth to waken the Echoes, in the ancient and favourite amusement of your forefathers, may Pleasure ever be of your party; and may social Joy await your return! When harassed in courts or camps with the jostlings of bad men and bad measures, may the honest consciousness of injured worth attend your return to your native Seats; and may domestic Happiness, with a smiling welcome, meet you at your gates! May corruption shrink at your kindling, indignant glance; and may tyranny in the Ruler, and licentiousness in the People, equally find you an inexorable foe!

I have the honour to be,
With the sincerest gratitude,
And highest respect,
My Lords and Gentlemen,
Your most devoted humble Servant,

ROBERT BURNS.

*Edinburgh, }
April 4, 1787. }*

POEMS,

CHIEFLY SCOTTISH.

Book I.

MORAL, RELIGIOUS, AND PRECEPTIVE.

THE TWA DOGS.

A TALE.

'Twas in that place o' Scotland's isle,
That bears the name o' *Auld King Coil*,
Upon a bonie day in June,
When wearing thro' the afternoon,
Twa dogs that were na thrang at hame,
Forgather'd ance upon a time.

The first I'll name, they ca'd him *Cesar*,
Was keepit for his Honour's pleasure;
His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs,
Show'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs;
But whalpit some place far abroad,
Where sailors gang to fish for cod.

His locked, letter'd, braw brass collar,
Show'd him the gentleman and scholar;
But tho' he was o' high degree,
The fient a pride nae pride had he;
But wad hae spent an hour caressin',
Ev'n wi' a tinkler-gipseey's messin':
At kirk or market, mill or smiddle,
Nae tauted tyke, tho' e'er sae duddie,
But he wad stan't, as glad to see him,
And stroan't on stanes an' hillocks wi' him.

The titler was a ploughman's collie,
 A rhyming, ranting, raving billie,
 Wha for his friend an' comrade had him,
 And in his freaks had *Luath* ca'd him,
 After some dog in Highland sang,*
 Was made lang syne—Lord knows how lang.

He was a gash an' faithful tyke,
 As ever lap a sheugh or dyke,
 His honest, sonsie, baws'nt face,
 Ay gat him friends in ilka place.
 His breast was white, his touzie back
 Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black;
 His gawcie tail, wi' upward curl,
 Hung o'er his hurdies wi' a swirl.

Nae doubt but they were fain o' ither,
 An' unco pack an' thick thegither;
 Wi' social nose whyles snuff'd and snowkit,
 Whyles mice and moudieworts they howkit;
 Whyles scour'd awa in lang excursion,
 An' worry'd ither in diversion;
 Until wi' daffin weary grown,
 Upon a knowe they sat them down,
 And there began a lang digression
 About the *Lords o' the Creation*.

CÆSAR.

I've aften wondered, honest *Luath*,
 What sort o' life poor dogs like you have;
 An' when the gentry's life I saw,
 What way poor bodies liv'd ava.'

Our Laird gets in his racked rents,
 His coals, his kain, and a' his stents:
 He rises when he likes himsel';
 His flunkies answer at the bell;
 He ca's his coach, he ca's his horse;
 He draws a bonie silken purse
 As lang's my tail, where, thro' the steeks,
 The yellow-letter'd Geordie keeks.

Frae morn to e'en it's nought but toiling,
 At baking, roasting, frying, boiling;
 An' tho' the gentry first are stechin,
 Yet e'en the ha' folk fill their pechin
 Wi' sauce, ragouts, and sic like trashtrie,
 That's little short o' downright wastrie.

* *Cuthullin's dog in Ossian's Fingal.*

Our Whipper-in, wee blastit wonner,
 Poor worthless elf, it eats a dinrer,
 Better than ony tenant man
 His Honour has in a' the lan' :
 An' what poor cot-folk pit their painch in,
 I own its past my comprehension.

LUATH.

Trowth, Cæsar, whyles they're fasht enough ;
 A cotter howkin in a sheugh,
 Wi' dirty stanes begin a dyke,
 Boring a quarry, and sic like.
 Himsel, a wife, he thus sustains,
 A smytrie o' wee duddle weans,
 An' nought but his hand darg, to keep
 Them right and tight in thack an' rape.

As when they meet with sair disasters,
 Like loss o' health, or want o' masters,
 Ye maist wad think, a wee touch langer,
 An' they maun starve o' could an' hunger :
 But, how it comes, I never kenn'd yet,
 They're maistly wonderfu' contented ;
 An' buirdly chiels, and clever hizzies,
 Are bred in sic a way as this is.

CÆSAR.

But then to see how ye're neglectit,
 How huff'd, and cuff'd, and disrespeckit !
 L—d, man, our gentry care as little
 For delvers, ditchers, an' sic cattle ;
 They gang as saucy by poor folk,
 As I wad hy a stinking brock.

I've notic'd on our Laird's court-day,
 An' mony a time my heart's been wae,
 Poor tenant bodies, scant o' cash,
 How they maun thole a factor's snash :
 He'll stamp and threaten, curse and swear,
 He'll apprehend them, poind their gear ;
 While they maun stan', wi' aspect humble ;
 An' hear it a', an' fear an' tremble !

I see how folks live that hae riches ;
 But surely poor folk maun be wretches ?

LUATH.

They're nae sae wretched's ane wad think ;
 They're constantly on poortith's brink :
 They're sae accustom'd wi' the sight,
 The view o't gies them little fright.

Then chance and fortune are sae guided,
 They're ay in less o' mair provided ;
 An' tho' fatigu'd with close employment,
 A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment.

The dearest comfort o' their lives,
 Their grushie weans an' faithfu' wives ;
 The prattling things are just their pride,
 That sweetens a' their fire-side.

An' whyles twalpennie worth o' nappy
 Can make the bodies unco happy ;
 They lay aside their private cares,
 To mind the Kirk and state affairs :
 They'll talk o' patronage and priests,
 Wi' kindling fury in their breasts,
 Or tell what new taxation's comin',
 An' ferlie at the folk in *Lon'on*.

As bleak-faced Hallowmas returns,
 They get the jovial, ranting kirns,
 When *rural life*, o' every station,
 Unite in common recreation :
 Love blinks, Wit slaps, and social Mirth
 Forgets there's Care upo' the earth.

That merry day the year begins,
 They bar the door on frosty winds ;
 The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream,
 An' sheds a heart-inspiring steam ;
 The luntin pipe, an' sneeshin mill,
 Are handed round wi' right gude will ;
 The cantie auld folks crackin crouse,
 The young anes rantin thro' the house—
 My heart has been sae fain to see them,
 That I for joy hae barkit wi' them.

Still its owre true that ye hae said,
 Sic game is now owre aften play'd.
 There's monie a creditable stock
 O' decent, honest fawsont folk,
 Are riven out baith root and branch,
 Some rascal's pridfu' greed to quench,
 Wha thinks to knit himsel the faster
 In favour wi' some gentle Master,
 Wha, aiblins, thrang a-parliamentin,
 For Britain's guid his saul indentin—

CAESAR. :

Haith, lad, ye little ken about it ;
For Britain's guid ! guid faith ! I doubt it ;

Say, rather, gaun as *Premiers* lead him,
 An' saying *aye* or *no's* they bid him:
 At operas an' plays parading;
 Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading;
 Or, may be, in a frolic daft,
 To *Hague* or *Calais* takes a waft;
 To make a tour, an' tak a whirl,
 To learn *bon ton* an' see the worl'.

There, at *Vienna* or *Versailles*,
 He rives his father's auld entrails;
 Or by *Madrid* he takes the rout,
 To thrum guitars, and fecht wi' nowt;
 Or down Italian vista startles,
 Wh-re-hunting among groves o' myrtles:
 Then bouses drumbly German water
 To mak himsel look fair and fatter,
 An' clear the consequential sorrows,
 Love-gifts of Carnival signoras.
 For *Britain's* guid! for her destruction!
 Wi' dissipation, feud, an' faction.

LUATH.

Hech man! dear sirs! is that the gate
 They waste sae mony a braw estate!
 Are we sae foughten an' harass'd
 For gear to gang that gate at last!

O would they stay aback frae courts,
 An' please themselves wi' countra sports,
 It wad for every ane be better,
 The Laird, the Tenant, an' the Cotter!
 For thae frank, rantin, ramblin billies,
 Fient haet o' them's ill-hearted fellows!
 Except for breakin o' their timmer,
 Or speakin lightly o' their limmer,
 Or shootin o' a hare or moor-cock,
 The ne'er a bit they're ill to poor folk.

But will you tell me, Master *Cæsar*,
 Sure great folk's life's a life o' pleasure?
 Nae cauld or hunger e'er can steer them,
 The vera thought o't need na fear them.

CÆSAR.

L—d, man, were ye but whyles whare I am,
 The gentles ye wad ne'er envy 'em.

It's true, they need nae starve or sweat,
 Thro' winter's cauld or simmer's heat

They've nae sair wark to craze their banes,
 An' fill auld age wi' grips an' granes :
 But human bodies are sic fools,
 For a' their colleges and schools,
 That when nae real ill perplex them,
 They make enow themsels to vex them ;
 An' ay the less they hae to sturt them.
 In like proportion less will hurt them.
 A country-fellow at the pleugh,
 His acres till'd, he's right eneugh ;
 A country girl at her wheel,
 Her dizzen's done, she's unco weel :
 But Gentlemen, and Ladies warst,
 Wi' ev'n down want o' wark are curst.
 They loiter, lounging, lank, and lazy ;
 Tho' deil haet ails them, yet uneasy ;
 Their days insipid, dull, an' tasteless ;
 Their nights unquiet, lang and restless :
 An' e'en their sports, their balls, an' races,
 Their galloping thro' public places.
 There's sic parade, sic pomp, an' art,
 The joy can scarcely reach the heart.
 The men cast out in party matches,
 Then sowther a' in deep debauches ;
 Ae night they're mad wi' drink an' wh-ring,
 Nienst day their life is past enduring.
 The ladies arm-in-arm in clusters,
 As great and gracious a' as sisters ;
 But hear their absent thoughts o' ither,
 They're a' run deils an' jades thegither.
 Whyles o'er the wee bit cup an' platie,
 They sip the scandal potion pretty ;
 Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbit leuks
 Pore owre the devil's pictur'd beuks ;
 Stake on a chance a farmer's stackyard,
 An' cheat like ony unhang'd blackguard.

There's some exception, man an' woman ;
 But this is gentry's life in common.

By this, the sun was out o' sight,
 An' darker gloaming brought the night.
 The bum-clock humm'd wi' lazy drone ;
 The kye stood rowtin i' the loan :
 When up they gat, and shook their lugs,
 Rejoic'd they were na *men* but *dogs* ;
 An' each took aff his several way,
 Resolv'd to meet some ither day.

THE BRIGS OF AYR.

A POEM.

*Inscribed to J. B*****, Esq. Ayr.*

THE simple Bard, rough at the rustic plough,
 Learning his tuneful trade from ev'ry bough ;
 The chanting linnet, or the mellow thrush,
 Hailing the setting sun, sweet, in the green thorn bush ;
 The soaring lark, the perching red-breast shrill,
 Or deep-ton'd plovers, gray, wild-whistling o'er the hill
 Shall be, nurst in the peasant's lowly shed,
 To hardy independence bravely bred,
 By early Poverty to hardship steel'd.
 And train'd to arms in stern Misfortune's field ;
 Shall be be guilty of their hireling crimes,
 The servile, mercenary Swiss of rhymes ?
 Or labour hard the panegyric close,
 With all the venal soul of dedicating prose ?
 No ! though his artless strains he rudely sings,
 And throws his hand uncouthly o'er the strings
 He glows with all the spirit of the Bard,
 Fame, honest fame, his great, his dear reward !
 Still, if some patron's gen'rous care he trace,
 Skill'd in the secret to bestow with grace ;
 When B***** befriends his humble name,
 And hauds the rustic stranger up to fame,
 With heart-felt throes his grateful bosom swells,
 The god-like bliss, to give, alone excels.

.....

'Twas when the stacks get on their winter-hay,
 And thack and rape secure the toil-worn crap ;
 Potato-bings are smugged up frae skaith
 Of coming Winter's biting, frosty breath ;
 The bees, rejoicing o'er their summer toils,
 Unnumbered buds an' flowers' delicious spoils,
 Seal'd up with frugal care in massive waxen piles,
 Are doom'd by man, that tyrant o'er the weak,
 The death o' devils smoor'd wi' brimstone reek ;
 The thundering guns are heard on ev'ry side,
 The wounded co'veys, reeling, scatter wide ;
 The feather'd field-mates, bound by nature's th, }
 Sires, mothers, children, in one carnage lie :
 (What warm, poetic heart, but inly bleeds,
 And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds !)

Nae mair the flow'r in field or meadow springs ;
 Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings,
 Except perhaps the Robin's whistling glee,
 Proud o' the height o' some bit half-lang tree ;
 The hoary morns precede the sunny days,
 Mild, calm, serene, wide spreads the noon-tide blaze,
 While thick the goosamour waves wanton in the rays. }
 'Twas in that season, when a simple Bard,
 Unknown and poor, simplicity's reward ;
 Ae night, within the ancient burgh of *Ayr*,
 By whim inspir'd, or haply press'd wi' care :
 He left his bed, and took his wayward route,
 And down by *Simpson's** wheel'd the left about :
 (Whether impelled by all-directing Fate,
 To witness what I after shall narrate ;
 Or whether, rapt in meditation high,
 He wandered out he knew not where nor why :)
 The drowsy *Dungeon-clock*† had numbered two,
 And *Wallace Tow'r*† had sworn the fact was true :
 The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar,
 Through the still night dashed hoarse along the shore :
 All else was hush'd as nature's closed e'e ;
 The silent moon shone high o'er tow'r and tree :
 The chilly frost, beneath the silver beam,
 Crept, gently-crusting, o'er the glittering stream—

When lo ! on either hand the list'ning Bard,
 The clanging sugh of whistling wings he heard ;
 Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air,
 Swift as the *Gos*† drives on the wheeling hare ;
 Ane on th' *Auld Brig* his airy shape uprears,
 The ither flutters o'er the rising piers :
 Our warlock rhymers instantly descry'd
 The Sprites that owre the *Brigs of Ayr* preside.
 (That bards are second-sighted is nae joke,
 And ken the lingo o' the sp'ritual folk ;
 Fays, Spunkies, Kelpies, a', they can explain them,
 And ev'n the vera deils they brawly ken them.)
Auld Brig appear'd of ancient Pictish race,
 The vera wrinkles Gothic in his face :
 He seemed as he wi' Time had warstl'd lang,
 Yet toughly doure, he bade an unco bang.
New Brig was buskit in a braw new coat,
 That he, at *Lon'on*, frae ane *Adams*, got :
 In's hand five taper staves as smooth's a bead,
 Wi' virls an' whirlygigums at the head.

* A noted tavern at the Auld Brig end.
 steeples.

† The goshawk, or falcon.

† The two

The Goth was stalking round with anxious search,
 Spying the time-worn flaws in ev'ry arch ;
 It chanc'd his new come neebour took his e'e,
 And e'en a vex'd and angry heart had he !
 Wi' thieveless sneer to see his modish mien,
 He, down the water, gives him this guide'en :—

AULD BRIG.

I doubt na, frien', ye'll think ye're nae sheep-shank
 Ance ye were streekit o'er from bank to bank !
 But gin ye be a brig as auld as me,
 Tho' faith, that day I doubt ye'll never see ;
 There'll be, if that date come, I'll wad a boddle,
 Some fewer whigmeleeries in your noddle.

NEW BRIG.

Auld Vandal, ye but show your little mense,
 Just much about it wi' your scanty sense ;
 Will your poor, narrow foot-path of a street,
 Where twa wheel-barrow's tremble when they meet,
 Your ruin'd formless bulk-o' stane an' lime,
 Compare wi' bonle *Brigs* o' modern time ?
 There's men o' taste would take the *Duckat stream*,
 Tho' they should cast the very sark and swim,
 Ere they would grate their feelin's wi' the view
 O' sic an ugly, Gothic hulk as you.

AULD BRIG.

Conceiv'd gowk! puff'd up wi' windy pride!
 This mony a year I've stood the flood an' tide ;
 An' tho' wi' crazy eild I'm sair forfairn,
 I'll be a *Brig*, when ye're a shapeless cairn!
 As yet ye little ken about the matter,
 But twa-three winters will inform you better.
 When heavy, dark, continued a'-day rains,
 Wi' deepening deluges o'erflow the plains ;
 When from the hills where springs the brawling *Coil*,
 Or stately *Lugar's* mossy fountains boil,
 Or where the *Greenock* winds his moorland course,
 Or haunted *Garpal*† draws his feeble source,
 Arous'd by blust'ring winds an' spotting thowes,
 In many a torrent down his sna'broo rowes

* A noted ford just above the Auld Brig.

† The banks of Garpal Water is one of the few places in the west of Scotland, where those fancy-scaring beings known by the name of Ghaists, still continue pertinacious to inhabit.

While crashing ice, borne on the roaring speat,
 Sweeps dams, an' mills, an' brigs, a' to the gate;
 And from *Glenbuck*,* down to the *Ratton-key*,†
 Auld *Ayr* is just one lengthen'd, tumbling sea;
 Then down ye'll hurl—deil nor ye never rise!
 And dash the gumle jaups up to the pouring skies:
 A lesson sadly teaching, to your cost,
 That Architecture's noble art is lost!

NEW BRIG.

Fine *Architecture*! trowth, I needs must say't o't!
 The L—d be thankit that we've tint the gate o't!
 Gaunt, ghastly, ghaist-alluring edifices,
 Hanging with threat'ning jut, like precipices;
 O'er-arching, mouldy, gloom-inspiring coves,
 Supporting roofs fantastic, stony groves;
 Windows and doors, in nameless sculpture drest,
 With order, symmetry, or taste, unblest;
 Forms like some bedlam-statuary's dream,
 The craz'd creations of misguided whim;
 Forms might be worshipp'd on the bended knee,
 And still the *second* dread command be free,
 Their likeness is not found on earth, in air, or sea. }
 Mansions that would disgrace the building taste
 Of any mason reptile, bird or beast;
 Fit only for a doited Monkish race,
 Or frosty maids, forsworn the dear embrace,
 Or Cuijs of latter times, wha held the notion
 That sullen gloom was sterling, true devotion;
 Fancies that our guid Burgh denies protection,
 And soon may they expire, unbless'd with resurrection!

AULD BRIG.

O ye, my dear-remember'd, ancient yealings,
 Were ye but here to share my wounded feelings!
 Ye worthy *Proveses*, an' mony a *Bailie*,
 Wha in the paths of righteousness did toil ay;
 Ye dainty *Deacons*, and ye douce *Conveners*,
 To whom our moderns are but causey-cleaners;
 Ye godly *Councils* wha hae bless'd this town;
 Ye godly *Brethren* of the sacred gown,
 Wha meekly gae your *kurdies* to the *smiters*;
 And (what would now be strange) ye *godly writers*:
 A' ye douce folk I've borne aboon the broo,
 Vere ye but here, what would ye say or do?

* The source of the river *Ayr*.
 † Above the large key.

† A small landing

How would your spirits groan in deep vexation,
 To see each melancholy alteration ;
 And agonizing, curse the time and place
 When ye begat the base, degen'rate race !
 Nae langer Rev'rend Men, their country's glory,
 In plain braid Scots hold forth a plain braid story,
 Nae langer thrifty Citizens, an' douce,
 Meet owre a pint, or in the Council-house ;
 But staumrel, corky-headed, graceless gentry ;
 The berryment and ruin of the country ;
 Men, three-parts made by Tailors and by Barbers,
 Wha waste your wheel-hain'd gear on d—d *new Brigs*, and
Harbours !

NEW BRIG.

Now haud you there ! for faith ye've said enough,
 And muckle mair than ye can make to through.
 As for your Priesthood, I shall say but little,
Corbies and *Clergy* are a shot right kittle ;
 But under favour o' your langer beard,
 Abuse o' magistrates might weel be spar'd :
 To liken them to your auld warld squad,
 I must needs say, comparisons are odd.
 In *Ayr*, Wag-wits nae mair can hae a handle
 To mouth 'a Citizen,' a term o' scandal :
 Nae mair the Council waddles down the street,
 In all the pomp of ignorant conceit ;
 Men wha grew wise priggin ower hops an' raisins,
 Or gather'd lib'ral views in Bonds and Seisins.
 If haply Knowledge, on a random tramp,
 Had shior'd them with a glimmer of his lamp,
 And would to Common-sense, for once betray'd them,
 Plain, dull Stupidity stept kindly in to aid them.

.....

What farther clishmachlaver might been said,
 What bloody wars, if sprites had blood to shed,
 No man can tell ; but all before their sight,
 A fairy train appear'd in order bright :
 Adown the glittering stream they featly danced ;
 Bright to the moon their various dresses glanced ;
 They footed o'er the wat'ry glass so neat,
 The infant ice scarce bent beneath their feet :
 While arts of minstrelsy among them rung,
 And soul-ennobling Bards heroic ditties sung.
 O had *M'Laughlan*,* thairm-inspiring sage,
 Been there to hear this heavenly band engage,
 When through his dear *Strathspeys* they bore with High-
 land rage ;

* A well known performer of Scottish music in the north.

Or when they struck old Scotia's melting airs,
 The lover's raptur'd joys or bleeding cares ;
 How would his Highland lug been nobler fir'd,
 And ev'n his matchless hand with finer touch inspir'd
 No guess could tell what instrument appear'd,
 But all the soul of Music's self was heard ;
 Harmonious concert rung in every part,
 While simple melody pour'd moving on the heart.

The Genius of the Stream in front appears,
 A venerable chief advanc'd in years ;
 His hoary head with water-lilies crown'd,
 His manly leg with garter-tangle bound.
 Next came the loveliest pair in all the ring,
 Sweet female Beauty hand in hand with Spring ;
 Then crown'd with flow'ry hay, came Rural Joy
 And Summer, with his fervid-beaming eye ;
 All-cheering Plenty, with her flowing horn,
 Led yellow Autumn wreath'd with nodding corn ;
 Then Winter's time-bleach'd locks did hoary show
 By Hospitality with cloudless brow.
 Next follow'd Courage with his martial stride,
 From where the *Feal* wild-woody coverts hide ;
 Benevolence, with mild, benignant air,
 A female form,* came from the tow'rs of *Stair*;
 Learning and worth in equal measures trode
 From simple *Catrine*, their long-lov'd abode ;
 Last, white-rob'd Peace, crown'd with a hazel wreath,
 To rustic Agriculture did bequeath
 The broken iron instruments of Death ;
 At sight of whom our Sprites forgot their kindling wrath.

THE VISION.

DUAN FIRST.†

THE sun had clos'd the winter day,
 The curlers quat their roaring play,

* The Poet here alludes to a Mrs. Stewart, who was then in possession of *Stair*. She afterwards removed to *Afton-lodge* on the banks of the *Afton*, a stream which she subsequently celebrated in a song entitled, "*Afton Water*."—Ed.

† Duan, a term of *Ossian's* for the different divisions of a digressive poem. See his *Cath-Loda*, vol. ii. of *Macpherson's* translation.

An' hunger'd mankin ta'en her way
 To kail-yards green,
 While faithless snaws ilk step betray
 Whare she has been.

The thrasher's weary *flingin-tree*
 The lee-lang day had tired me;
 And when the day had clos'd his e'e,
 Far i' the west,
 Ben i' the *spence*, right pensivelie,
 I gaed to rest.

There, lanely, by the ingle-cheek,
 I sat and ey'd the spewing reek,
 That fill'd, wi' hoast-provoking smeeck,
 The auld clay, biggin;
 An' heard the restless rattons squeak
 About the riggin.

All in this mottie, misty clime,
 I backward mus'd on wasted time,
 How I had spent my youthfu' prime,
 An' done nae-thing,
 But stringin blethers up in rhyme,
 For fools to sing.

Had I to guid advice but harkit,
 I might, by this, hae led a market,
 Or strutted in a bank an' clarkit
 My caash account:
 While here, half mad, half fed, half sarkit,
 Is a' th' amount.

I started, mutt'ring, blockhead! coof!
 And heav'd on high my waukit loof,
 To swear by a' yon starry roof,
 Or some rash aith,
 That I henceforth would be a *rhyme proof*
 Till my last breath—

When click! the string the sneck did draw;
 And jee! the door gaed to the wa':
 An' by my ingle-lowe I saw,
 Now bleezin bright,
 A tight, outlandish *Hizzie*, braw,
 Come full in sight.

Ye need nae doubt, I held my whisht;
 The infant aith, half-form'd was crusht;
 I glow'rd as eerie's I'd been dusht,
 In some wild glen;

When sweet, like modest Worth, she blusht,
And stepped ben.

Green, slender, leaf-clad *holly-boughs*
Were twisted, gracefu', round her brows ;
I took her for some *Scottish muse*,
By that same token ;
An' come to stop those reckless vows,
Wou'd soon been broken.

A "hair-brain'd sentimental trace,"
Was strongly marked in her face ;
A wildly-witty, rustic grace
Shone full upon her ;
Her eye, ev'n turn'd on empty space,
Beam'd keen with Honour.

Down flow'd her robe, a Tartan sheen,
Till half a leg was scrimply seen ;
And such a leg ! my bonie *Jean*
Could only peer it ;
Sae straught, sae taper, tight and clean,
Nane else came near it.

Her *Mantle* large, of greenish hue,
My gazing wonder chiefly drew ;
Deep *lights* and *shades*, bold-mingling, threw
A lustre grand ;
And seem'd, to my astonish'd view,
A *well known* land.

Here, rivers in the sea were lost ;
There, mountains to the skies were tost ;
Here, tumbling billows mark'd the coast,
With surging foam ;
There distant shone Art's lofty boast,
The lordly dome.

Here *Doon* pour'd down his far-fetch'd floods,
There, well-fed *Irvine* stately thuds ;
Auld hermit *Ayr* staw thro' his woods,
On to the shore ;
And many a lesser torrent scuds,
With seeming roar.

Low, in a sandy valley spread,
An ancient *Borough* rear'd her head ;
Still, as in *Scottish* story read,
She boasts a Race,
To ev'ry nobler virtue bred,
And polish'd grace.

By stately tow'r or palace fair,
 Or ruins pendant in the air,
 Bold stems of heroes, here and there,
 I could discern ;
 Some seem'd to muse, some seem'd to dare,
 With features stern.

My heart did glowing transport feel,
 To see a Race* heroic wheel,
 And brandish round the deep-dy'd steel
 In sturdy blows ;
 While back-recolling seem'd to reel
 Their Southron foes.

His Country's Saviour,† mark him well ;
 Bold Richardton's‡ heroic swell .
 The chief on Sark, who glorious fell,
 In high command ;
 And He whom ruthless Fates expel
 His native land.

There, where a sceptr'd Pictish shade||
 Stalk'd round its ashes lowly laid,
 I mark'd a martial race, portray'd
 In colours strong ;
 Bold, soldier-featur'd, undismay'd
 They strode along.

Thro' many a wild romantic grove,¶
 Near many a hermit-fancy'd cove,
 (Fit haunts for Friendship or for Love)
 In musing mood,
 An aged Judge, I saw him rove,
 Dispensing good.

* The Wallaces. † William Wallace.

‡ Adam Wallace, of Richardton, cousin to the immortal preserver of Scottish Independence.

§ Wallace, laird of Cragie, who was second in command, under Douglas, earl of Ormond, at the famous battle on the banks of Sark, fought anno 1448. That glorious victory was principally owing to the judicious conduct and intrepid valour of the gallant laird of Cragie, who died of his wounds after the action.

|| Coilus, king of the Picts, from whom the district of Kyle is said to take its name, lies buried, as tradition says, near the family-seat of the Montgomeries of Coil's-field, where his burial-place is still shown.

¶ Barskimming, the seat of the late Lord Justice Clerk

CHIEFLY

long swelling floods
ardent, kindling spirit
They, sight
Or, end the venal senate ro
To end the honest Patriot-l
And grace the

And when the bard, or ho
warm or instruct the future ag
they bind the wild poetic rage
point the inconclusive page
In energy,
Full on the eye.

Hence Fullarton, the brave a
Hence Dempster's zeal-inspired t
Hence sweet harmonious Beattie

Or tore, with noble ardour stung,
The rustic Bard, the lab'ring Hind

"To lower orders are assign'd
The humbler ranks of human-kind
The Sceptic's bays

All choose, as The various man.
The threaten storm waves the heav
Some teach to mellow the plain
And some instruct the tillage-skill

"When yellow waves the heav
The threaten storm waves the plain
Some teach to mellow the tillage-skill
And some instruct the tillage-skill

"Some hint the lover's harmless
Some grace the Fab'rer's weary to
Some soothe the Col'ler's begg
And make his Cares and pain

"Some, bounded to a district
Explore at large the infant tra
To mark the Cares and pain
And careful note the Bard's
And this district trace the

With deep-struck reverential awe*
 The learned *Sire* and *Son* I saw,
 To Nature's God and Nature's law
 They gave their lore,
 This all its source and end to draw,
 That, to adore.

Brydons's brave ward† I well could spy,
 Beneath old *Scotia's* smiling eye,
 Who call'd on Fame, low standing by
 To hand him on,
 Where many a Patriot-name on high,
 And hero shone.

DUAN SECOND.

With musing-deep, astonish'd stare,
 I viewed the heav'nly-seeming *Fair*;
 A whisp'ring throb did witness bear,
 Of kindred sweet,
 When, with an elder sister's air,
 She did me greet.

All hail ! my own inspir'd Bard !
 In me thy native muse regard !
 Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard !
 Thus poorly low !
 I come to give thee such reward
 As we bestow.

" Know the great *Genius* of this land
 Has many a light aerial band,
 Who, all beneath his high command,
 Harmoniously,
 As arts or arms they understand,
 Their labours ply.

" They *Scotia's* race among them share ;
 Some fire the Soldier on to dare ;
 Some rouse the Patriot up to bare
 Corruption's heart ;
 Some teach the Bard, a darling care,
 The tuneful art.

* *Catrine, the seat of the late doctor, and present professor Stewart.*

† *Colonel Fullarton.*

" 'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore,
 They ardent, kindling spirits pour;
 Or, mid the venal senate roar,
 They, sightless, stand,
 To mend the honest Patriot-lore,
 And grace the land.

" And when the bard, or hoary Sage,
 Charm or instruct the future-age,
 They bind the wild poetic rage
 In energy,
 Or point the inconclusive page
 Full on the eye.

" Hence Fullarton, the brave and young;
 Hence *Dempster's* zeal-inspired tongue;
 Hence sweet harmonious Beattie sung
 His 'Minstrel lays';
 Or tore, with noble ardour stung,
 The Sceptic's bays.

" To lower orders are assign'd
 The humbler ranks of human-kind.
 The rustic Bard, the lab'ring Hind,
 The Artisan;
 All choose, as various they're inclin'd,
 The various man.

" When yellow waves the heavy grain,
 The threat'ning storm some strongly rein,
 Some teach to meliorate the plain
 With tillage-skill;
 And some instruct the shepherd train
 Blithe o'er the hill.

" Some hint the lover's harmless wile;
 Some grace the maiden's artless smile;
 Some sooth the lab'rer's weary toil,
 For humble gains,
 And make his cottage-scenes beguile
 His cares and pains.

" Some, bounded to a district-space,
 Explore at large man's infant race,
 To mark the embryotic trace
 Of rustic Bard;
 And careful note each op'ning grace,
 A guide and guard.

" *Of these am I—Cecil* my name;
 And this district as mine I claim,

Where once the *Campbells*, chiefs of fame,
 Held ruling pow'r:
 I mark'd thy embryo tuneful flame,
 Thy natal hour.

"With future hope, I oft would gaze,
 Fond, on thy little early ways,
 Thy rudely caroll'd, chiming phrase,
 In uncouth rhymes,
 Fir'd at the simple artless lays
 Of other times.

"I saw thee seek the sounding shore,
 Delighted with the dashing roar;
 Or when the North his fleecy store
 Drove thro' the sky,
 I saw grim Nature's visage hoar,
 Struck thy young eye.

"Or when the deep green-mantled earth
 Warm cherish'd ev'ry flow'ret's birth,
 And joy and music pouring forth
 In ev'ry grove,
 I saw thee eye the gen'ral mirth
 With boundless love.

"When ripen'd fields, and azure skies,
 Call'd forth the reapers' rustling noise,
 I saw thee leave their ev'ning joys,
 And lonely stalk,
 To vent thy bosom's swelling rise
 In pensive walk.

"When youthful love, warm-blushing strong
 Keen-shivering shot thy nerves along;
 Those accents, grateful to thy tongue,
 Th' adored *Name*,
 I taught thee how to pour in song,
 To sooth thy flame.

"I saw thy pulses maddening play,
 Wild send thee pleasure's devious way,
 Misled by fancy's meteor ray,
 By passion driven;
 But yet the light that led astray
 Was light from heaven.

"I taught thy manners-painting strains,
 The loves, the ways of simple swains,
 Till now, o'er all my wide domains
 Thy fame extends:

And some, the pride of *Coila's* plains,
Become thy friends.

"Thou canst not learn, nor can I show,
To paint with *Thompson's* landscape glow,
Or wake the bosom-melting throe,
With *Shenstone's* art,
Or pour with *Gray*, the moving flow
Warm on the heart.

"Yet all beneath the unrivalled rose,
The lowly daisy sweetly blows;
Tho' large the forest's monarch throws
His army shade,
Yet green the juicy hawthorn grows,
Adown the glade.

"Then never murmur nor repine;
Strive in thy humble sphere to shine;
And trust me, not *Potosi's* mine,
Nor king's regard,
Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine,
A rustic Bard.

"To give my counsels all in one,
Thy tuneful flame still careful fan;
Preserve the *Dignity of Man*,
With soul erect;
And trust, the Universal Plan
Will all protect.

"*And wear thou this!*"—she solemn said,
And bound the *Holly* round my head:
The pollah'd leaves, and berries red,
Did rustling play;
And, like a passing thought, she fled
In light away.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO R. A****, ESQ.

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short, but simple annals of the poor GRAY

I.

My lov'd, my honour'd, much respected friend !
 No mercenary Bard his homage pays ;
 With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end,
 My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise ;
 To you I sing, in simple *Scottish* lays,
 The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene ;
 The native feelings strong, the guileless ways ;
 What A**** in a cottage would have been ;
 Ah ! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween.

II.

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sigh ,
 The short'ning winter-day is near a close ;
 The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh ;
 The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose ;
 The toll-worn *Cotter* frae his labour goes,
 This night his weekly mool is at an end,
 Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoer,
 Hoping the *morn* in ease and rest to spend,
 And weary o'er the moor his course does homeward bend.

III

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
 Beneath the shelter of an aged tree ;
 Th' expectant *wee-things*, toddlin, stacher thro'
 To meet their Dad, wi' flichter in noise an' glee.
 His wee bit ingle, blinkin bonily,
 His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie *wife's* smile,
 The lispin infant prattling on his knee,
 Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
 An' makes him quite forget his labour and his toil.

IV.

Belyve the elder bairns come drappin in,
 At service out, amang the farmers roun' ;
 Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentle rin
 A cannie errand to a neebor town ;
 Their eldest hope, their *Jenny*, woman grown,
 In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
 Comes hame, perhaps, to show a braw new gown,
 Or deposite her sair-won penny-fee,
 To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

V.

Wi' joy unfeign'd brothers and sisters meet,
 An' each for other's welfare kindly spiers ;
 The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnoticed fleet ;
 He tells the uncos that he sees or hears ;

The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
 Anticipation forward points the view,
 The mother wi' her needle an' her sheers,
 Gars auld claes look amaisht as weel's the new;
 The Father, mixes a' wi' admonition due.

VI.

Their master's an' their mistress's command,
 The youngers a' are warned to obey;
 "An' mind their labours wi' an eydent hand,
 An' ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play:
 An' O! be sure to fear the Lord alway!
 An' mind your duty, duly, morn an' night,
 Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
 Implore his counsel and assisting might:
 They never sought in vain, that sought the Lord aright!"

VII.

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door;
 Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
 Tells how a neebor lad came o'er the moor,
 To do some errands, and convoy her hame
 The wily mother sees the conscious flame
 Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek;
 With heart-struck anxious care, inquires his name,
 While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak;
 Weel pleas'd the mother hears, it's nae wild, worthless rake.

VIII.

Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben;
 A strappan youth; he takes the mother's eye;
 Blithe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en;
 The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye.
 The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
 But blate an' laithfu', scarce can weel behave;
 The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
 What makes the youth sae bashfu' an' sae grave;
 Weel pleas'd to think her bairn's respected like the lave.

IX.

O happy love! where love like this is found;
 O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
 I've paced much this weary, mortal round,
 And sage experience bids me this declare—
 "If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
 One cordial in this melancholy vale,
 'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
 In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
 Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the ev'ning

X.

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart—
 A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth!
 That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
 Betray sweet *Jenny's* unsuspecting youth?
 Curse on his perjur'd arts! dissembling smooth!
 Are honour, virtue, conscience, all exil'd?
 Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
 Points to the parents fondling o'er their child?
 'Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction wild!

XI.

But now the supper crowns their simple board!
 The halesome *parritch*, chief o' *Scotia's* food;
 The soup their only *kawkie* does afford,
 That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cud:
 The dame brings forth in complimentary mood,
 To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck fell,
 An' aft he's press'd, an' aft he ca's it good;
 The frugal wife garrulous will tell,
 How 'thas a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.

XII.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face;
 They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
 The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
 The big *Ha'-Bible*, ance his father's pride;
 His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
 His lyart haffets wearin thin an' bare;
 Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
 He wales a portion with judicious care;
 And "*Let us worship God!*" he says with solemn air.

XIII.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
 They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim;
 Perhaps *Dundas's* wild warbling measure's rise,
 Or plaintive *Martyrs*, worthy of the name;
 Or noble *Elgin* beats the heav'nward flame,
 The sweetest far of *Scotia's* holy lays:
 Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame;
 The tickled ears no heart-felt raptures raise,
 Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

XIV.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
 How *Abram* was the friend of God on high;
 Or, *Moses* bade eternal warfare wage
 With *Amalek's* ungracious progeny;

Or, how the royal Bard did groaning lie
 Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
 Or, *Job's* pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
 Or, rapt *Isaiah's* wild seraphic fire;
 Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

XV.

Perhaps the *Christian volume* is the theme,
 How guileless blood for guilty man was shed;
 How *He*, who bore in heav'n the second name,
 Had not on earth whereon to lay his head:
 How His first followers and servants sped;
 The precepts sage they wrote to many a land:
 How *he*, who lone in *Patmos* banished,
 Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand;
 And heard great *Bab'lon's* doom pronounced by Heaven's
 command.

XVI.

Then kneeling down, to heaven's eternal King,
 The saint, the father, and the husband prays:
 Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"^a
 That *thus* they all shall meet in future days;
 There, ever bask in uncreated rays,
 No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
 Together hymning their Creator's praise,
 In such society, yet still more dear;
 While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

XVII.

Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride,
 In all the pomp of method, and of art,
 When men display to congregations wide,
 Devotion's ev'ry grace except the heart!
 The Pow'r incens'd, the pageant will desert,
 The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
 But haply, in some cottage far apart,
 May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the soul
 And in his book of life the inmates poor enrol.

XVIII.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way;
 The youngling cottagers retire to rest;
 The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
 And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,
 That *He* who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,

And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
 Would, in the way his wisdom sees the best,
 For them and for their little ones provide,
 But chiefly in their hearts with *grace divine* preside.

XIX.

From scenes like these old *Scotia's* grandeur springs,
 That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad;
 Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
 "An honest man's the noblest work of God ;"

And *certain* in fair virtue's heav'nly road,
 The *cottage* leaves the *palace* far behind ;
 What is a lordling's pomp ? a cumbrous load,
 Disguising of the wretch of human-kind,
 Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refin'd !

XX.

O *Scotia* ! my dear, my native soil !
 For whom my warmest wish to heaven is sent,
 Long may the hardy sons of rustic toil,
 Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content !
 And, O ! may heaven their simple lives prevent
 From luxury's contagion, weak and vile !
 Then, howe'er *crowns* and *coronets* be rent,
 A *virtuous populace* may rise the while,
 And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd *Isle*.

XXI.

O *Thou* ! who pour'd the patriotic tide
 That stream'd thro' *Wallace's* undaunted heart ;
 Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
 Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
 (The patriot's *God*, peculiarly thou art,
 His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward !)
 O never, never *Scotia's* realm desert ;
 But still the *patriot* and the *patriot bard*,
 In bright succession rise, her ornament and guard !

VERSES

WRITTEN IN PRIAR'S-CARSE HERMITAGE, ON NINTH-SIDE.

Thou whom chance may hither lead,
 Be thou clad in russet weed,
 Be thou decked in silken stole,
 Grave these counsels on thy soul—

Life is but a day at most,
 Sprung from night, in darkness lost ;
 Hope not sunshine ev'ry hour,
 Fear not clouds will always low'r.

As youth and love, with sprightly dance,
 Beneath thy morning star advance,
 Pleasure with her siren air
 May delude the thoughtless pair ;
 Let prudence bless enjoyment's cup,
 Then raptur'd sip, and sip it up.

As thy day grows warm and high,
 Life's meridian flaming nigh,
 Dost thou spurn the humble vale ?
 Life's proud summits wouldst thou scale ?
 Check thy climbing step, elate,
 Evils lurk in felon wait ;
 Dangers, eagle-pinion'd, bold,
 Soar around each cliffy hold,
 While cheerful peace, with linnet song,
 Chants the lowly dells among.

As the shades of evening close,
 Beck'ning thee to long repose ;
 As life itself becomes disease,
 Seek the chimney-neuk of ease ;
 There ruminate with sober thought,
 On all thou'st seen, and heard, and wrought ;
 And teach the sportive youngsters round,
 Laws of experience, sage and sound.
 Say, Man's true, genuine, estimate,
 The grand criterion of his fate,
 Is not, art thou high or low ?
 Did thy fortune ebb or flow ?
 Did many talents gild the span ?
 Or frugal nature grudge thee one ?
 Tell them, and press it on their mind,
 As thou thyself must shortly find,
 The smile or frown of awful heav'n,
 To virtue or to vice is giv'n.
 Say, to be just, and kind, and wise,
 There solid self-enjoyment lies ;
 That foolish, selfish, faithless ways,
 Lead to the wretched, vile, and base.

Thus resign'd and quiet, creep
 To the bed of lasting sleep ; -
 Sleep, whence thou shalt ne'er awake,
 Night, where dawn shall never break.

Till future life, future no more,
 To light and joy the good restore,
 To light and joy unknown before! }

Stranger, go! Heav'n be thy guide!
 Quod the Beadsman of Nith-side.

A PRAYER,

UNDER THE PRESSURE OF VIOLENT ANGUISH

O THOU great Being! what thou art
 Surpasses me to know;
 Yet sure I am, that known to Thee
 Are all thy works below.

Thy creature here before Thee stands,
 All wretched and distressed;
 Yet sure those ills that wring my soul
 Obey thy high behest.

Sure Thou, Almighty, canst not act
 From cruelty or wrath!
 O, free my weary eyes from tears,
 Or, close them fast in death!

But if I must afflicted be,
 To suit some wise design;
 Then man my soul with firm resolves
 To bear and not repine!

A PRAYER,

IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

I.

O THOU, unknown, Almighty Cause
 Of all my hope and fear!
 In whose dread presence, ere an hour,
 Perhaps I must appear!

II.

If I have wander'd in those paths
 Of life I ought to shun;
 As *something*, loudly in my breast,
 Remonstrates I have done;

III.

Thou know'st that Thou hast formed me
 With passions wild and strong;
 And list'ning to their witching voice
 Has often led me wrong.

IV.

Where human *weakness* has come short,
 Or *frailty* steeped aside,
 Do Thou, *All-good*! for such Thou art,
 In shades of darkness hide.

V

Where with *intention* I have err'd,
 No other plea I have,
 But, *Thou art good*; and goodness still
 Delighteth to forgive.

STANZAS

ON THE SAME OCCASION

I.

WHY am I loath to leave this earthly scene?
 Have I so found it full of pleasing charms?
 Some drops of joy with draughts of ill between;
 Some gleams of sunshine mid renewing storms:
 Is it departing pangs my soul alarms?
 Or death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode?
 For guilt, for guilt, my terrors are in arms;
 I tremble to approach an angry God,
 And justly smart beneath his sin-avenging rod.

II.

Fain would I say, "Forgive my foul offence!"
 Fain promise never more to disobey:
 But, should my Author health again dispense,
 Again I might desert fair virtue's way:
 Again in folly's path might go astray;
 Again exalt the brute and sink the man;
 Then how should I for heavenly mercy pray,
 Who act so counter heavenly mercy's plan?
 Who sin so oft have mourn'd, yet to temptation ran?

III.

O Thou, great Governor of all below
 If I may dare a lifted eye to Thee

Thy nod can make the tempest cease to blow,
 Or still the tumult of the raging sea ;
 With that controlling pow'r assist ev'n me,
 Those headlong, furious passions to confine ;
 For all unfit I feel my powers to be,
 'To rule their torrent in th' allowed line ;
 O, aid me with thy help, *Omnipotence Divine!*

VERSES,

LEFT BY THE AUTHOR, AT A REVEREND FRIEND'S HOUSE,
 IN THE ROOM WHERE HE SLEPT.

I.

O THOU, dread Pow'r, who reign'st above ;
 I know thou wilt me hear :
 When for this scene of peace and love,
 I make my pray'r sincere.

II.

The hoary sire—the mortal stroke,
 Long, long, be pleas'd to spare !
 To bless his little filial flock,
 And show what good men are.

III.

She, who her lovely offspring eyes
 With tender hopes and fears,
 O bless her with a mother's joys,
 But spare a mother's tears !

IV.

Their hope, their stay, their darling youth ;
 In manhood's dawning blush ;
 Bless him, thou God of love and truth,
 Up to a parent's wish !

V.

The beauteous, seraph sister-band,
 With earnest tears I pray,
 Thou knowest the snares on ev'ry hand,
 Guide Thou their steps away !

VI.

When soon or late they reach that coast,
 O'er life's rough ocean driv'n,
 May they rejoice, no wand'rer lost,
 A family in heav'n

A GRACE BEFORE DINNER.

O THOU, who kindly dost provide
 For every creature's want!
 We bless thee, God of Nature wide,
 For all thy goodness lent:

And if it please thee, heavenly Guide,
 May never worse be sent;
 But whether granted or denied,
 Lord bless us with content!

Amen.

THE FIRST PSALM.

THE man in life, wherever plac'd,
 Hath happiness in store,
 Who walks not in the wicked's way,
 Nor learns their guilty lore!

Nor from the seat of scornful pride
 Casts forth his eyes abroad,
 But with humility an' awe
 Still walks before his God.

That man shall flourish like the trees
 Which by the streamlets grow;
 The fruitful top is spread on high,
 And firm the root below.

But he whose blossom buds in guilt,
 Shall to the ground be cast,
 And like the rootless stubble, tost
 Before the sweeping blast.

For why? That God, the good adore,
 Hath giv'n them peace and rest,
 But hath decreed that wicked men
 Shall ne'er be truly blest.

THE FIRST SIX VERSES OF THE NINETIETH
PSALM

O THOU, the first, the greatest Friend
 Of all the human race!
 Whose strong right hand has ever been
 Their stay and dwelling place!

Before the mountains heav'd their heads
 Beneath thy forming hand,
 Before this pond'rous globe itself
 Arose at thy command ;

That Pow'r which rais'd and still upholds
 This universal frame,
 From countless, unbeginning time,
 Was ever still the same.

Those mighty periods of years
 Which seem to us so vast,
 Appear no more before thy sight
 Than yesterday that's past.

Thou giv'st the word—Thy creature, man,
 Is to existence brought ;
 Again thou sayest, " Ye sons of men,
 Return ye into nought !"

Thou layest them, with all their cares,
 In everlasting sleep ;
 As with a flood Thou tak'st them off
 With overwhelming sweep.

They flourish like the morning flow'r,
 In beauty's pride array'd ;
 But long ere night, cut down, it lies
 All wither'd and decay'd.

EPISTLE TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

I.

I LONG hae thought, my youthfu' friend,
 A something to have sent you,
 Tho' it should serve no other end
 Than just a kind *memento* ;
 But how the subject-theme may gang,
 Let time and chance determine ;
 Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
 Perhaps turn out a sermon.

II.

Ye'll try the world soon, my lad,
 And *Andrew* dear, believe me,
 Ye'll find mankind an unco squad,
 And muckle they may grieve ye !
 For care and trouble set your thought,
 Ev'n when your end's attained ;

And a' your views may come to nought,
When ev'ry nerve is strained.

III.

I'll no say men are villains a' ;
• The real, harden'd wicked,
Wha hae nae check but human law,
Are to a few restricked—
But och ! mankind are unco weak,
An' little to be trusted ;
If *self* the wavering balance shake
It's rarely right adjusted !

IV.

Yet they wha fa' in fortune's strife,
Their fate we should na censure,
For still th' *important end* of life,
They equally may answer ;
A man may hae an honest heart,
Tho' poortith hourly stare him ;
A man may tak a neebor's part,
Yet hae na *cask* to spare him.

V.

Ay free, aff han', your story tell,
When wi' a bosom crony ;
But still keep something to yoursel,
Ye'll scarcely tell to ony.
Conceal yoursel as weel's ye can,
Frae critical dissection ;
But keek thro' ev'ry other man,
Wi' sharpen'd sly inspection.

VI.

The sacred lowe o' weel-placed love,
Luxuriantly indulge it ;
But never tempt th' *illicit rove*,
Tho' naething should divulge it ;
I waive the quantum o' the sin,
The hazard o' concealing ;
But och ! it hardens a' within,
And petrifies the feeling !

VII.

To catch dame Fortune's golden smile,
Assiduous wait upon her ;
And gather gear by ev'ry wile,
That's justified by honour—

Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for a train-attendant,
But for the glorious privilege
Of being *independent*.

VIII.

The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip
To haud the wretch in order—
But where ye feel your *honour* grip,
Let that ay be your border ;
It's slightest touches, instant pause—
Debar a' side pretences ;
And resolutely keep its laws,
Uncaring consequences.

IX.

The great *Creator* to revere,
Must sure become the *creature*;
But still the preaching cant forbear,
And ev'n the rigid feature ;
Yet ne'er with wits profane to range,
Be complaisance extended ;
An atheist's laugh's a poor exchange
For Deity offended !

X.

When ranting round in pleasure's ring,
Religion may be blinded ;
Or, if she gie a *random* sing,
It may be little minded ;
But when on life we're tempest driv'n,
A conscience but a canker—
A correspondence fix'd wi' Heav'n,
Is sure a nobler *anchor* !

XI.

Adieu, dear, amiable youth !
Your heart can ne'er be wanting ;
May prudence, fortitude, and truth,
Erect your brow undaunting !
In ploughman phrase, " Gad send you speed,"
Still dailly to grow wiser ;
And may you better reck the *reds*,
Than ever did th' adviser !

May, 1786.

BOOK II.

PATHETIC, ELEGIAC, AND DESCRIPTIVE

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN

A DIRGE.

I.

WHEN chill November's surly blast
Made fields and forests bare,
One ev'ning, as I wander'd forth
Along the banks of *Ayr*,
I spy'd a man, whose aged step
Seem'd weary, worn with care ;
His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
And hoary was his hair.

II.

Young stranger, whither wand'rest thou ?
(Began the rev'rend sage ;)
Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
Or youthful pleasure's rage ?
Or haply, prest with cares and woes,
Too soon thou hast began
To wander forth, with me, to mourn
The miseries of man !

III.

The sun that overhangs yon moor,
Out-spreading far and wide,
Where hundreds labour to support
A haughty lordling's pride ;
I've seen yon weary winter sun
Twice forty times return ;
And ev'ry time has added proof,
That man was made to mourn.

IV.

O man ! while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time !
Mispending all thy precious hours,
Thy glorious youthful prime !

Alternate follies take the sway ;
 Licentious passions burn ;
 Which tenfold force gives Nature's law
 That man was made to mourn.

V.

Look not alone on youthful prime
 Or manhood's active might ;
 Man then is useful to his kind,
Supported in his right ;
 But see him on the edge of life,
 With cares and sorrows worn,
 Then age and want, oh ! ill matched pair !
 Show man was made to mourn.

VI.

A few seem favourites of Fate,
 In Pleasure's lap carest ;
 Yet, think not all the rich and great
 Are likewise truly blest.
 But oh ! what crowds in every land,
 Are wretched and forlorn ;
 Thro' weary life this lesson learn,
 That man was made to mourn.

VII.

Many and sharp the num'rous ills
 Inwoven with our frame !
 More pointed still we make ourselves
 Regret, remorse, and shame !
 And man, whose heav'n-erected face
 The smiles of love adorn,
 Man's inhumanity to man
 Makes countless thousands mourn.

VIII.

See yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,
 So abject, mean and vile,
 Who begs a brother of the earth,
 To give him leave to toil ;
 And see his lordly *fellow-worm*
 The poor petition spurn,
 Unmindful, tho' a weeping wife
 And helpless offspring mourn.

IX.

If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave—
 By Nature's law design'd ;
 Why was an independent wish
 E'er planted in my mind ?

If not, why am I subject to
 His cruelty, or scorn?
 Or why has man the will and pow'r
 To make his fellow mourn?

X.

Yet, let not this too much, my son
 Disturb thy youthful breast;
 This partial view of human kind
 Is surely not the *last*!
 The poor, oppressed, honest man,
 Had never, sure, been born,
 Had there not been some recompense
 To comfort those that mourn.

XI.

O death! the poor man's dearest friend!
 The kindest and the best!
 Welcome the hour my aged limbs
 Are laid with thee at rest!
 The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,
 From pomp and pleasure torn;
 But, oh—a blest relief to those
 That weary-laden mourn!

A WINTER NIGHT.

*Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
 That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm!
 How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
 Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
 From seasons such as these!—* SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN biting Boreas fell and doure,
 Sharp shivers thro' the leafless bow'r;
 When Phœbus gies a short-liv'd glow'r
 Far south the lift,
 Dim-dark'ning thro' the flaky show'r,
 Or whirlin drift!

As night the storm the steeples rock'd,
 Poor Labour sweet in sleep was locked,
 While burns, wi' snawy wreaths up-chocked,
 Wild-eddying swirl,
 Or thro' the mining outlet bocked,
 Down headlong huri.

List'ning, the doors an' winnocks rattle,
 I thought me on the ourie cattle,
 Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle
 O' winter war,
 And thro' the drift, deep-lairing sprattle,
 Beneath a scar.

Ilk happing bird, wee helpless thing,
 That, in the merry months o' spring,
 Delighted me to hear thee sing,
 What comes o' thee ?
 Where wilt thou cow'r thy chitt'ring wing,
 An' close thy e'e ?

Ev'n you on murd'ring errands toil'd,
 Lone, from your savage homes exil'd,
 The blood-stained roost, and sheep-cote spoil'd,
 My heart forgets,
 While pitiless the tempest wild,
 Sore on you beats.

Now *Phæbe*, in her midnight reign,
 Dark muffled, view'd the dreary plain,
 Still crowding thoughts, a pensive train,
 Rose in my soul,
 When on my ear this plaintive strain,
 Slow, solemn, stole—

“Blow, blow, ye winds, with heavier gust !
 And freeze, thou bitter-biting frost !
 Descend, ye chilly, smothering snows !
 Not all your rage, as now united, show
 More hard unkindness, unrelenting,
 Vengeful malice, unrepenting,
 Than heaven-blumin'd man on brother man bestows !

“See stern oppression's iron grip,
 Or mad Ambition's gory hand,
 Sending, like blood-hounds from the slip,
 Wo, want, and murder o'er a land .

“Ev'n in the peaceful rural vale,
 Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale,
 How pamper'd luxury, flatt'ry by her side,
 The parasite empoisoning her ear,
 With all the servile wretches, in the rear,
 Look o'er proud property extended wide,
 And eyes the simple rustic hind,
 Whose toil upholds the glitt'ring show,
 A creature of another kind,
 Some coarser substance, unrefin'd,
 Plac'd for her lordly use thus far, thus vile, below.

"Where, where is love's fond, tender thro',
 With lordly honour's lofty brow,
 The pow'rs you proudly own?
 Is there, beneath love's noble name,
 Can harbour, dark, the selfish aim,
 To bless himself alone!

"Mark maiden-innocence a prey
 To love pretending snares,
 This boasted honour turns away,
 Shunning soft pity's rising sway,
 Regardless of the tears, and unavailing prayers!
 Perhaps, this hour, in mis'ry's squalid nest,
 She strains your infant to her joyless breast,
 And with a mother's fears shrieks at the rocking blast!

"O ye! who, sunk in beds of down,
 Feel not a want but what yourselves create,
 Think for a moment on his wretched fate,
 Whom friends and fortune quite disown!
 Ill satisfied keen nature's clam'rous call,
 Stretched on his straw, he lays himself to sleep,
 While thro' the ragged roof and chinky wall,
 Chill o'er his slumbers piles the drift' heap!—
 Think on the dungeon's grim confine,
 Where guilt and poor misfortune pine!
 Guilt, erring man, relenting view!
 But shall thy legal rage pursue
 The wretch already crushed low
 By cruel fortune's undeserved blow!
 Affliction's sons are brothers in distress,
 A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss!"

I heard nae mair, for Chanticleer
 Shook off the pouthery snaw,
 And hail'd the morning with a cheer,
 A cottage rousing crew.

But deep this truth impress'd my mind—
 Thro' all his works abroad,
 The heart, benevolent and kind,
 The most resembles GOD.

WINTER.

A DIRGE.

I.

THE wintry west extends his blast,
 And hail and rain does blaw;
 Or, the stormy north sends driving forth
 The blinding sleet and snaw:

While tumbling brown, the burn comes down,
 And roars frae bank to brae;
 And bird and beast in covert rest,
 And pass the heartless day.

II.

"The sweeping blast, the sky o'ercast,"
 The joyless winter-day,
 Let others fear, to me more dear
 Than all the pride of May!
 The tempest's howl, it soothes my soul,
 My griefs it seems to join,
 The leafless trees my fancy please,
 Their fate resembles mine!

III.

Thou Pow'r Supreme, whose mighty scheme
 These woes of mine fulfil,
 Here, firm, I rest, they must be best,
 Because they are thy will!
 Then all I want (O do thou grant
 This one request of mine!)
 Since to enjoy thou dost deny,
 Assist me to resign.

DESPONDENCY,

AN ODE.

I.

OPPRESS'D with grief, oppress'd with care,
 A burden more than I can bear,
 I sit me down and sigh;
 O life, thou art a galling load,
 A long, a rough, a weary road,
 To wretches such as I!
 Dim backward as I cast my view,
 What sick'ning scenes appear!
 What sorrows yet may pierce me thro',
 Too justly I may fear!
 Still caring, despairing,
 Must be my bitter doom;
 My woes here shall close ne'er,
 But with the closing tomb!

II.

Happy, ye sons of busy life,
 Who, equal to the bustling strife,
 No other view regard !
 Ev'n when the wished end's deny'd,
 Yet while the busy means are ply'd,
 They bring their own reward :
 Whilst I, a hope-abandon'd wight,
 Unfitted with an aim,
 Meet ev'ry sad returning night,
 And joyless mourn the same,
 You, bustling, and justling
 Forget each grief and pain ;
 I, listless, yet restless,
 Find every prospect vain.

III.

How blest the Solitary's lot,
 Who, all forgetting, all-forgot,
 Within his humble cell,
 The cavern wild with tangling roots,
 Sits o'er his newly-gather'd fruits,
 Beside his crystal well !
 Or, haply to his ev'ning thought,
 By unfrequented stream,
 The ways of men are distant brought,
 A faint collected dream ;
 While praising, and raising
 His thoughts to heav'n on high,
 As wand'ring, meand'ring,
 He views the solemn sky.

IV.

Then I, no lonely hermit plac'd
 Where never human footstep trac'd,
 Less fit to play the part ;
 The lucky moment to improve,
 And *just* to stop and *just* to move,
 With self-respecting art :
 But ah ! those pleasures, loves and joys,
 Which I too keenly taste,
 The *Solitary* can despise,
 Can want, and yet be blest !
 He needs not, he heeds not,
 Or human love or hate,
 Whilst I here, must cry here,
 At perfidy ingrate !

V.

Oh! enviable, early days,
 When dancing thoughtless pleasure's maze,
 To care, to guilt unknown!
 How ill exchang'd for riper times,
 To feel the follies, or the crimes,
 Of others, or my own!
 Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport,
 Like linnets in the bush,
 Ye little know the ills ye court,
 When manhood is your wish!
 The losses, the crosses,
 That *active* man engage!
 The fears all, the tears all,
 The dim declining age!

TO RUIN.

I.

ALL hail! inexorable lord!
 At whose destruction-breathing word,
 The mightiest empires fall!
 Thy cruel, wo-delighted train,
 The ministers of grief and pain,
 A sullen welcome, all!
 With stern, resolv'd, despairing eye,
 I see each aimed dart;
 For one has cut my *dearest* tie,
 And quivers in my heart.
 Then low'ring and pouring,
 The *storm* no more I dread;
 Tho' thick'ning and black'ning
 Round my devoted head.

II.

And thou, grim pow'r, by life abhorr'd,
 While life a *pleasure* can afford,
 Oh! hear a wretch's pray'r!
 No more I shrink appall'd, afraid,
 I court, I beg thy friendly aid,
 To close this scene of care!
 When shall my soul, in silent peace,
 Resign life's *joyless* day:
 My weary heart its throbbings cease,
 Cold mould'ring in the clay?

No fear more, no tear more,
To strain my lifeless face;
Enclasped, and grasped
Within thy cold embrace!

LAMENT OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS

ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

Now Nature hangs her mantle green
On every blooming tree,
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
Out o'er the grassy lea:
Now Phœbus cheers the crystal streams,
And glads the azure skies;
But nought can glad the weary wight
That fast in durance lies.

Now lav'rocks wake the merry morn,
Aloft on dewy wing;
The merle, in his noontide bow'r,
Makes woodland echoes ring;
The mavis mild, wi' many a note,
Sings drowsy day to rest:
In love and freedom they rejoice,
Wi' care nor thrall oppress.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,
The primrose down the brae;
The hawthorn's budding in the glen,
And in k-white is the alae;
The meanest hind in fair Scotland
May rove the sweets amang;
But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,
Maun lie in prison strang.

I was the Queen o' bonie France,
Where happy I hae been;
Fu' lightly raise I in the morn,
As blithe lay down at e'en:
And I'm the Sov'reign of Scotland
And monie a traitor there;
Yet here I lie in foreign bands,
And never ending care.

But as for thee, thou false woman,
My sister and my foe,
Grim Vengeance, yet, shall whet a sword
That thro' thy soul shall gae;

The weeping blood in woman's breast
 Was never known to thee;
 Nor th' balm that draps on wounds of wo
 Frae woman's pitying e'e.

My son! my son! may kinder stars
 Upon thy fortune shine;
 And may those pleasures gild thy reign,
 That ne'er wad blink on mine!
 God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,
 Or turn their hearts to thee;
 And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend,
 Remember him for me!

O! soon, to me, may summer-suns
 Nae mair light up the morn!
 Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds
 Wavè o'er the yellow corn!
 And in the narrow house o' death
 Let winter round me rave!
 And the next flowers that deck the spring,
 Bloom on my peaceful grave!

THE LAMENT,

OCASIONED BY THE UNFORTUNATE ISSUE OF A FRIEND'S
 AMOUR.

*Alas! how oft does Goodness wound itself
 And sweet Affection prove the spring of we*
 HOME.

I.

O THOU pale orb, that silent shines
 While care-untroubled mortals sleep:
 Thou seest a wretch that inly pines,
 And wanders here to wail and weep
 With wo I nightly vigils keep,
 Beneath thy wan unwarming beam;
 And mourn in lamentation deep,
 How *life* and *love* are all a dream.

II

I joyless view thy rays adorn
 The faintly-marked distant hill:
 I joyless view thy trembling horn,
 Reflected in the gurgling rill:

My fondly-fluttering heart, be still !
 Thou busy pow'r, Remembrance, cease !
 Ah ! must the agonizing thrill
 For ever bar returning peace !

III.

No idly-felgn'd poetic pains,
 My sad love-lorn lamentings claim ;
 No shepherd's pipe—Arcadian strains ;
 No fabled tortures, quaint and tame ;
 The plighted faith—the mutual flame—
 The oft attested Pow'rs above ;
 The *promis'd Father's tender name* ;
 These were the pledges of my love !

IV.

Encircled in her clasping arms,
 How have the raptur'd moments flown !
 How have I wished for fortune's charms,
 For her dear sake, and her's alone !
 And must I think it ! is she gone,
 My secret heart's exulting boast ?
 And does she heedless hear my groan ?
 And is she ever, ever lost ?

V.

Oh ! can she bear so base a heart,
 So lost to honour, lost to truth,
 As from the fondest lover part,
 The plighted husband of her youth !
 Alas ! life's path may be unsmooth !
 Her way may lie thro' rough distress !
 Then, who her pangs and pains will sooth,
 Her sorrows share, and make them less ?

VI.

Ye winged hours that o'er us past,
 Enraptur'd more, the more enjoy'd,
 Your dear remembrance in my breast,
 My fondly-treasur'd thoughts employ'd
 That breast, how dreary now, and void,
 For her too scanty once of room !
 Ev'n ev'ry ray of hope destroy'd,
 And not a wish to gild the gloom !

VII.

The morn that warns th' approaching day
 Awakes me up to toil and wo—

I see the hours in long array,
 That I must suffer, lingering, slow,
 Full many a pang, and many a throe,
 Keen recollection's direful train
 Must wring my soul, ere Phœbus, low,
 Shall kiss the distant western main.

VIII.

And when my nightly couch I try,
 Sore harass'd out with care and grief,
 My toil-beat nerves, and tear-worn eye,
 Keep watchings with the nightly thief—
 Or if I slumber, Fancy, chief,
 Reigns haggard-wild, in sore affright ;
 Ev'n day, all-bitter, brings relief,
 From such a horror-breathing night.

IX.

O ! thou bright queen, who o'er th' expanse
 Now highest reign'st, with boundless sway !
 Oft has thy silent-marking glance
 Observ'd us, fondly-wand'ring, stray !
 The time, unheeded, sped away,
 While love's luxurious pulse beat high,
 Beneath thy silver-gleaming ray,
 To mark the mutual kindling eye,

X.

Oh ! scenes in strong remembrance set !
 Scenes, never, never, to return !
 Scenes, if in stupor I forget,
 Again I feel, again I burn ;
 From ev'ry joy and pleasure torn,
 Life's weary vale I'll wander thro' :
 And hopeless, comfortless, I'll mourn
 A faithless woman's broken vow. /

 LAMENT

OF A MOTHER FOR THE DEATH OF HER SON.

Tune—" *Finlayston House.*"

FATE gave the word, the arrow sped,
 And pierc'd my darling's heart ;
 And with him all the joys are fled
 Life can to me impart.

By cruel hands the sapling drops,
 In dust dishonour'd laid:
 So fell the pride of all my hopes,
 My age's future shade.

The mother linnet in the brake,
 Bewails her ravish'd young—
 So I, for my lost darling's sake,
 Lament the live-day long.

Death, oft I've fear'd thy fatal blow,
 Now, fond, I bare my breast,
 O, do thou kindly lay me low
 With him I love, at rest!

LAMENT

FOR JAMES, EARL OF GLENCAIRN.

THE wind blew hollow frae the hills,
 By fits the sun's departing beam
 Look'd on the fading yellow woods
 That wav'd o'er Lugar's winding stream;
 Beneath a craigy steep, a bard,
 Laden with years and meikle pain,
 In loud lament bewail'd his lord,
 Whom death had all untimely ta'en.

He lean'd him to an ancient aik,
 Whose trunk was mould'ring down with years;
 His locks were bleached white wi' time,
 His hoary cheek was wet wi' tears!
 And as he touch'd his trembling harp,
 And as he tun'd his doleful sang,
 The winds, lamenting thro' their caves,
 To Echo bore the notes along.

"Ye scatter'd birds that faintly sing,
 The reliques of the vernal quire!
 Ye woods that shed on a' the winds
 The honours of the aged year!
 A few short months, and glad and gay,
 Again ye'll charm the ear and e'e;
 But nocht in all revolving time
 Can gladness bring again to me.

"I am a bending aged tree,
 That long has stood the wind and rain—

But now has come a cruel blast,
 And my last hald of earth is gane;
 Nae leaf o' mine shall greet the spring,
 Nae simmer sun exalt my bloom;
 But I maun lie before the storm,
 And ithers plant them in my room.

"I've seen sae monie changefu' years,
 On earth I am a stranger grown;
 I wander in the ways of men,
 Alike unknowing and unknown:
 Unheard, unpitied, unreliev'd,
 I bear alane my lade o' care,
 For silent, low, on beds of dust,
 Lie a' that would my sorrows share.

"And last (the sum of a' my griefs!)
 My noble master lies in clay;
 The flow'r amang our barons bold,
 His country's pride, his country's stay;
 In weary being now I pine,
 For a' the life of life is dead,
 And hope has left my aged ken,
 On forward wing for ever fled.

"Awake thy last sad voice, my harp!
 The voice of wo and wild despair!
 Awake, resound thy latest lay,
 Then sleep in silence evermair!
 And thou, my last, best, only friend,
 That fillest an untimely tomb,
 Accept this tribute from the bard
 Thou brought from fortune's mirkest gloom.

"In poverty's low barren vale,
 Thick mists, obscure, involved me round;
 Tho' oft I turn'd the wistful eye,
 Nae ray of fame was to be found:
 Thou found'st me like the morning sun
 That melts the fogs in limpid air—
 The friendless bard and rustic song,
 Became alike thy fostering care.

"O! why has worth so short a date?
 While villains ripen gray with time
 Must thou, the noble, gen'rous, great,
 Fall in bold manhood's hardy prime?
 Why did I live to see that day?
 A day to me so full of wo!
 'Had I met the mortal shaft
 Which laid my benefactor low!

"The bridegroom may forget the bride
 Was made his wedded wife yestreen;
 The monarch may forget the crown
 That on his head an hour has been;
 The mother may forget the child
 That smiles sae sweetly on her knee;
 But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
 And a' that thou hast done for me!"

LINES,

SENT TO SIR JOHN WHITEFORD, OF WHITEFORD, BART.

With the foregoing Poem.

THOU who thy honour as thy God rever'st,
 Who, save thy *mind's reproach*, nought earthly fear'st,
 To thee this votive offering I impart,
 The tearful tribute of a broken heart.
 The *friend* thou valued'st, I the *patron* lov'd;
 His worth, his honour, all the world approv'd.
 We'll mourn till we too go as he has gone,
 And tread the dreary path to that dark world unknown.

STRATHALLAN'S LAMENT

THICKEST night o'erhangs my dwelling!
 Howling tempests o'er me rave!

Turbid torrents, wintry swelling,
 Still surround my lonely cave.

Crystal streamlets gently flowing,
 Busy haunts of base mankind,
 Western breezes softly blowing,
 Suit not my distracted mind.

In the cause of right engaged,
 Wrongs injurious to redress,
 Honour's war we strongly waged,
 But the Heavens denied success.

Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,
 Not a hope that dare attend,—
 The wide world is all before us,
 But a world without a friend!

THE CHEVALIER'S LAMENT.

The small birds rejoice in the green leaves returning;
 The murmuring streamlet winds clear thro' the vale;
 The hawthorn trees blow in the dews of the morning,
 And wild-scattered cowslips bedeck the green dale:

But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair,
 While the lingering moments are number'd by care?
 No flowers gayly springing, nor birds sweetly singing,
 Can sooth the sad bosom of joyless despair.

The deed that I dar'd, could it merit their malice,
 A king and a father to place on his throne?
 His right are these hills, and his right are these vallies,
 Where the wild beasts find shelter, but I can find none.

But 'tis not my sufferings, thus wretched, forlorn,
 My brave, gallant friends, 'tis your ruin I mourn;
 Your deeds prov'd so loyal in hot bloody trial,
 Alas! can I make you so sweeter return!

THE AUTHOR'S FAREWELL TO HIS NATIVE COUNTRY.

Tune—"Roslin Castle."

I.

The gloomy night is gath'ring fast,
 Loud roars the wild, inconstant blast,
 Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
 I see it driving o'er the plain;
 The hunter now has left the moor,
 The scatter'd coveys meet secure,
 While here I wander, prest with care,
 Along the lonely banks of *Ayr*.

II.

The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn
 By early Winter's ravage torn;
 Across her placid azure sky,
 She sees the scowling tempest fly:
 Chill runs my blood to hear it rave,
 I think upon the stormy wave,
 Where many a danger I must dare,
 Far from the bonie banks of *Ayr*.

III.

'Tis not the surging billows' roar,
'Tis not that fatal, deadly shore ;
Though death in ev'ry shape appear,
The wretched have no more to fear :
But round my heart the ties are bound,
That heart transpierc'd with many a wound !
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear
To leave the bonie banks of *Ayr*.

IV.

Farewell, old *Coila's* hills and dales,
Her heathy moors and winding vales
The scenes where wretched fancy roves,
Pursuing past, unhappy loves !
Farewell, my friends ! farewell, my foes !
My peace with these, my love with those—
The bursting tears my heart declare,
Farewell the bonie banks of *Ayr*.

FAREWELL TO AYRSHIRE.

SCENES of wo and scenes of pleasure,
Scenes that former thoughts renew,
Scenes of wo and scenes of pleasure,
Now a sad and last adieu !
Bonie Doon, sae sweet and gloamin,
Fare thee weel before I gang !
Bonie Doon, whare, early roaming,
First I weav'd the *rustic sang* !
Bowers, adieu, whare Love, decoying,
First inthrall'd this heart o' mine,
There the safest sweets enjoying,
Sweets that Mem'ry ne'er shall tyne !
Friends, so near my bosom ever,
Ye hae render'd moments dear ;
But, alas ! when forc'd to sever,
Then the stroke, O how severe !
Friends ! that parting tear, reserve it,
The' 'tis doubly dear to me !
Could I think I did deserve it,
How much happier would I be !

Scenes of wo and scenes of pleasure,
 Scenes that former thoughts renew,
 Scenes of wo and scenes of pleasure,
 Now a sad and last adieu !

THE FAREWELL TO THE BRETHREN OF ST. JAMES'S LODGE, TARBOLTON.

Tune—"Good night, and joy be wi' you a' !"

I.

ADIEU ! a heart-warm fond adieu !
 Dear brothers of the *mystic tye* !
 Ye favour'd, ye *enlighten'd* few,
 Companions of my social joy !
 Tho' I to foreign lands must hie,
 Pursuing fortune's sliddery ba',
 With melting heart, and brimful eye,
 Ill mind' you still, tho' far awa'.

II.

Oft have I met your social band,
 And spent the cheerful, festive night :
 Oft, honour'd with supreme command,
 Presided o'er the *sons of light* :
 And by that *hieroglyphic* bright,
 Which none but *craftsmen* ever saw !
 Strong mem'ry on my heart shall write
 Those happy scenes when far awa'.

III.

May freedom, harmony, and love,
 Unite you in the *grand design*,
 Beneath the Omniscient Eye above,
 The glorious *Architect* divine !
 That you may keep the *unerring line*,
 Still rising by the *plummet's law*,
 Till *order* bright completely shine,
 Shall be my pray'r when far awa'.

IV

And you, farewell ! whose merits claim,
 Justly, that *highest badge* to wear !
 Heav'n bless your honour'd, noble name,
 To *Masonry* and *Scotia* dear !

A last request, permit me here,
 When yearly ye assemble a',
 One round, I ask it with a tear,
 To him,—*the Bard that's far awa'.*

FAREWELL TO ELIZA.

Tune—"Gilderoy."

I.

FROM thee, *Eliza*, I must go,
 And from my native shore;
 The cruel fates between us throw
 A boundless ocean's roar:
 But boundless oceans, roaring wide,
 Between my love and me,
 They never, never can divide
 My heart and soul from thee;

II.

Farewell, farewell, *Eliza* dear,
 The maid that I adore!
 A boding voice is in mine ear,
 We part to meet no more.
 But the last throb that leaves my heart,
 While death stands victor by,
 That throb, *Eliza*, is thy part,
 And thine that latest sigh!

HIGHLAND MARY.

Tune—"Katharine Ogie."

YE banks, and braes, and streams around
 The castle o' Montgomery,
 Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
 Your waters never drumlie!
 There simmer first unfauld her robes,
 And there the langest tarry;
 For there I took the last fareweel
 O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom;
 As underneath their fragrant shade,
 I clasp'd her to my bosom: Google

The golden hours on angel wings,
 Flew o'er me and my dearie ;
 For dear to me, as light and life,
 Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' many a vow, and lock'd embrace,
 Our parting was fu' tender ;
 And, pledging aft to meet again,
 We tore oursel's asunder ;
 But oh ! fell death's untimely frost
 That nipt my flower sae early !
 Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay
 That wraps my Highland Mary !

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
 I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly !
 And clos'd, for ay, the sparkling glance,
 That dwelt on me sae kindly !
 And mouldering now in silent dust,
 That heart that lo'ed me dearly !
 But still within my bosom's core,
 Shall live my Highland Mary.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

Thou lingering star, with less'ning ray,
 That lov'st to greet the early morn,
 Again thou usher'st in the day
 My Mary from my soul was torn.
 O Mary ! dear departed shade !
 Where is thy place of blissful rest ?
 Seest thou thy lover lowly laid ?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ?

That sacred hour can I forget,
 Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
 Where by the winding *Ayr* we met,
 To live one day of parting love !
 Eternity will not efface,
 Those records dear of transports past ;
 Thy image at our last embrace !
 Ah ! little thought we 'twas our last !

Ayr gurgling kissed his pebbled shore,
 O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning, green ;
 The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hear,
 Twin'd amorous round the ragur'd scene.
 The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
 The birds sang long and sweetly then.

Till too, too soon, the glowing west,
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear,
My Mary! dear departed shade!

Where is thy blissful place of rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

ELEGY ON THE LATE MISS BURNET.

OF MONBODDO.

LIFE ne'er exulted in so rich a prize,
As Burnet, lovely, from her native skies;
Nor envious Death so triumph'd in a blow,
As that which laid the accomplished Burnet low.

Thy form and mind, sweet maid, can I forget?
In richest ore the brightest jewel set!
In thee, high Heaven above was truest shown,
As by his noblest work the Godhead best is known.

In vain ye flaunt in summer's pride, ye groves;
Thou crystal streamlet with thy flowery shore;
Ye woodland choir that chant your idle loves,
Ye cease to charm—Eliza is no more!

Ye heathy wastes, immix'd with reedy fens:
Ye mossy streams, with sedge and rushes stor'd;
Ye rugged cliffs, o'erhanging dreary glens,
To you I fly—ye with my soul accord.

Princes, whose cumb'rous pride was all their worth,
Shall venal lays their pompous exit hail?
And thou, sweet excellence! forsake our earth,
And not a muse in honest grief bewail!

We saw thee shine in youth and beauty's pride,
And virtue's light, that beams beyond the spheres;
But like the sun eclips'd at morning tide,
Thou left'st us darkling in a world of tears.

The parent's heart that nestled fond in thee,
That heart how sunk, a prey to grief and care;
So decked the woodbine sweet yon aged tree,
So from it ravish'd, leaves it bleak and bare.

VERSES

ON READING, IN A NEWSPAPER, THE DEATH OF JOHN M'LEOD,
ESQ. BROTHER TO A YOUNG LADY, A PARTICULAR FRIEND
OF THE AUTHOR'S.

SAD thy tale, thou idle page,
And rueful thy alarms :
Death tears the brother of her love
From Isabella's arms.

Sweetly deck'd with pearly dew
The morning rose may blow ;
But cold, successive noontide blasts
May lay its beauties low.

Fair on Isabella's morn
The sun propitious smil'd ;
But, long ere noon, succeeding clouds
Succeeding hopes beguil'd.

Fate oft tears the bosom chords
That Nature finest strung ;
So Isabella's heart was form'd,
And so that heart was wrung

Dread Omnipotence, alone,
Can heal the wound he gave ;
Can point the brimful grief-worn eyes
To scenes beyond the grave.

Virtue's blossoms there shall blow,
And fear no with'ring blast :
There Isabella's spotless worth
Shall happy be at last.

SONNET

ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT RIDDEL, ESQ. OF GLEN RIDDEL,
APRIL, 1794.

No more, ye warblers of the wood, no more,
Nor pour your descant, grating on my soul ;
Thou young-eyed Spring, gay in thy verdant stole,
More welcome were to me grim Winter's wildest roar.

How can ye charm, ye flow'rs, with all your dyes ?
 Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my friend :
 How can I to the tuneful strain attend ?
 That strain flows round th' untimely tomb where Riddel lies.
 Yes, pour, ye warblers, pour the notes of wo,
 And sooth the *Virtues* weeping on this bier :
 The *Man of Worth*, and has not left his peer,
 Is in his "narrow house," for ever darkly low.
 Thee, Spring, again with joy shall others greet ;
 Me, mem'ry of my loss will only meet.

 VERSES

ON THE DEATH OF SIR JAMES HUNTER BLAIR.

THE lamp of day, with ill-presaging glare,
 Dim, cloudly, sunk beneath the western wave ;
 Th' inconstant blast howl'd thro' the darkening air,
 And hollow whistled in the rocky cave.

Lone as I wander'd by each cliff and dell,
 Once the lov'd haunts of Scotia's royal train ;*
 Or inus'd where limpid streams, once hallow'd well,†
 Or mould'ring ruins mark the sacred fane ;‡

Th' increasing blast roar'd round the beetling rocks,
 The clouds, swift-wing'd, flew o'er the starry sky,
 The groaning trees untimely shed their locks,
 And shooting meteors caught the startled eye.

The paly moon rose in the livid east,
 And 'mong the cliffs disclos'd a stately form,
 In weeds of wo, that frantic beat her breast,
 And mix'd her wallings with the raving storm.

Wild to my heart the filial pulses glow,
 'Twas Caledonia's trophied shield I view'd :
 Her form majestic droop'd in pensive wo,
 The light'ning of her eye in tears imbued.

Revers'd that spear, redoubtable in war,
 Reclin'd that banner, erst in fields unfurl'd,
 That like a deathful meteor gleam'd afar,
 And brav'd the mighty monarchs of the world :—

* The King's Park, at Hulyrood-house.

† St. Anthony's Wall. ‡ St. Anthony's Chapel.

- " My patriot Son fills an untimely grave !
 With accents wild and lifted arms she cried—
 " Low lies the hand that oft was stretch'd to save
 Low lies the heart that swell'd with honest pride !
 " A weeping country joins a widow's tear,
 The helpless poor mix with the orphan's cry ;
 The drooping arts surround their patron's bier,
 And grateful science heaves the heartfelt sigh.
 " I saw my sons resume their ancient fire ;
 I saw fair Freedom's blossoms richly blow ;
 But ah ! how hope is born but to expire !
 Relentless fate has laid this guardian low.
 " My patriot falls, but shall he lie unsung,
 While empty greatness saves a worthless name ?
 No ; every muse shall join her tuneful tongue,
 And future ages hear his growing fame.
 " And I will join a mother's tender cares,
 Thro' future times to make his virtues last,
 That distant years may boast of other Blairs : "—
 She said, and vanish'd with the sweeping blast.

ADDRESS

TO THE SHADE OF THOMSON, ON CROWNING HIS BUST AT
 EDNAM, BOXBURGHSHIRE, WITH BAYS.

While virgin Spring, by Eden's flood,
 Unfolds her tender mantle green,
 Or pranks the sod in frolic mood,
 Or tunes *Æolian* strains between ;

While Summer with a matron grace
 Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade,
 Yet oft, delighted, stops to trace
 The progress of the spiky blade ;

While Autumn, benefactor kind,
 By Tweed erects his aged head,
 And sees, with self-approving mind,
 Each creature on his bounty fed ;

While maniac Winter rages o'er
 The hills whence classic *Yarrow* flows,
 Rousing the turbid torrent's roar,
 Of sweeping, wild, a waste of snows :

So long, sweet poet of the year,
Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won ;
While Scotia, with exulting tear,
Proclaims that Thomson was her son.

EPITAPH**FOR THE AUTHOR'S FATHER.**

O YE, whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
Draw near with pious rev'rence, and attend ;
Here lie the loving husband's dear remains,
The tender father, and the gen'rous friend.
The pitying heart that felt for human wo ;
The dauntless heart that fear'd no human pride ;
The friend of man, to vice alone a foe,
" For ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's side."*

FOR R. A., ESQ.

Know thou, O stranger to the fame
Of this much lov'd, much honour'd name ;
(For none that knew him need be told)
A warmer heart Death ne'er made cold.

ON A FRIEND.

AN honest man here lies at rest,
As e'er God with his image blest ;
The friend of man, the friend of truth ;
The friend of age, and guide of youth :
Few hearts, like his, with virtue warm'd,
Few heads with knowledge so inform'd ;
If there's another world, he lives in bliss ;
If there is none, he made the best of this.

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A BARD'S EPITAPH.

Is there a whim-inspired fool,
 Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,
 Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool,
 Let him draw near:
 And owre this grassy heap sing dool,
 And drap a tear.

Is there a Bard of rustic song,
 Who, noteless, steals the crowds among,
 That weekly this area throng,
 O, pass not by!
 But with a frater-feeling strong,
 Here heave a sigh.

Is there a man whose judgment clear,
 Can others teach the course to steer,
 Yet runs, himself, life's mad career,
 Wild as the wave;
 Here pause—and thro' the starting tear,—
 Survey this grave.

The poor inhabitant below
 Was quick to learn and wise to know,
 And keenly felt the friendly glow,
 And softer flame,
 But thoughtless follies laid him low,
 And stain'd his name!

Reader, attend—whether thy soul
 Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
 Or darkly grubs this earthly hole,
 In low pursuit;
 Know, prudent, cautious, self-control,
 Is wisdom's root.

 VERSES

ON THE BIRTH OF A POSTHUMOUS CHILD,

Born in peculiar circumstances of Family Distress.

SWEET Flow'ret, pledge o' meikle love,
 And ward o' monie a pray'r,
 What heart o' stane wad thee na move,
 Sae helpless, sweet, and fair!

November hirkles o'er the lea,
 Chill on thy lovely form;
 And gane, alas! the sheltering tree,
 Should shield thee frae the storm.

May He who gives the rain to pour,
 And wings the blast to blaw,
 Protect thee frae the driving show'r,
 The bitter frost and snaw!

May *He*, the friend of wo and want,
 Who heals life's various stounds,
 Protect and guard the mother-plant,
 And heal her cruel wounds.

But late she flourished, rooted fast,
 Fair on the summer morn;
 Now, feebly bends she in the blast,
 Unshelter'd and forlorn.

Blest be thy bloom, thou lovely gem,
 Unscath'd by ruffian hand;
 And from thee many a parent stem
 Arise to deck our land.

ON SENSIBILITY.

TO MY DEAR AND MUCH HONOURED FRIEND, MRS. DUNLOP
 OF DUNLOP.

SENSIBILITY, how charming,
Thou, my friend, canst truly tell;
 But distress with horrors arming,
 Thou hast also known too well.

Fairest flower, behold the lily,
 Blooming in the sunny ray;
 Let the blast sweep o'er the valley,
 See it prostrate on the clay.

Hear the wood-lark charm the forest,
 Telling o'er his little joys;
 Hapless bird! a prey the surest,
 To each pirate of the skies,

Dearly bought the hidden treasure,
 Finer feelings can bestow;
 Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure,
 Thrill the deepest notes of wo.

VERSES,

ON SEEING A WOUNDED HARE LIMP BY ME, WHICH A FELLOW
HAD JUST SHOT AT.

INHUMAN man ! curse on thy barb'rous art,
And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye :
May never pity sooth thee with a sigh,
Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel heart !

Go, live, poor wanderer of the wood and field,
The bitter little that of life remains ;
No more the thickening brakes and verdant plains
To thee shall home, or food, or pastime yield.

Seek, mangled wretch, some place of wonted rest,
No more of rest, but now thy dying bed !
The sheltering rushes whistling o'er thy head,
The cold earth with thy bloody bosom prest.

Oft as by winding Nith, I, musing, wait
The sober eve, or hail the cheerful dawn,
I'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn,
And curse the ruffian's aim, and mourn thy hapless fate.

LINES,

ON SCARING SOME WATER-FOWL IN LOCH TURIT, A WILD
SCENE AMONG THE HILLS OF OUGHTERTYRE.

WHY, ye tenants of the lake,
For me your wat'ry haunt forsake ?
Tell me, fellow creatures, why
At my presence thus you fly ?
Why disturb your social joys,
Parent, filial, kindred ties ?—
Common friend to you and me,
Nature's gifts to all are free ;
Peaceful keep your dimpling wave,
Busy feed, or wanton lave ;
Or, beneath the sheltering rock,
Bide the surging billow's shock,

Conscious, blushing for our race,
Soon, too soon, your fears I trace ;
Man, your proud usurping foe,
Would be lord of all below ;
Plumes himself in Freedom's pride,
Tyrant stern to all below.

THE EAGLE FROM THE CLIFFY BROW,
MARKING YOU HIS PREY BELOW,
IN HIS BREAST NO PITY DWELLS,
STRONG NECESSITY COMPELS;
BUT MAN, TO WHOM ALONE IS GIV'N
A RAY DIRECT FROM PITIYING HEAV'N,
GLORIES IN HIS HEART HUMANE,—
AND CREATURES FOR HIS PLEASURE SLAIN.

IN THESE SAVAGE, LIQUID PLAINS,
ONLY KNOWN TO WAND'RING SWAINS,
WHERE THE MOSSY RIV'LET STRAYS,
FAR FROM HUMAN HAUNTS AND WAYS,
ALL ON NATURE YOU DEPEND,
AND LIFE'S POOR SEASON PEACEFUL SPEND.

OR, IF MAN'S SUPERIOR MIGHT,
DARE INVADE YOUR NATIVE RIGHT,
ON THE LOFTY ETHER BORNE,
MAN WITH ALL HIS POW'RS YOU SCORN;
SWIFTLY SEEK, ON CLANGING WINGS,
OTHER LAKES AND OTHER SPRINGS;
AND THE FOE YOU CANNOT BRAVE,
SCORN AT LEAST TO BE HIS SLAVE.

SONNET,

WRITTEN ON THE 25TH OF JANUARY, 1793, THE BIRTHDAY
OF THE AUTHOR, ON HEARING A THRUSH IN A MORNING
WALK.

SING ON, SWEET THRUSH, UPON THE LEAFLESS BOUGH;
SING ON, SWEET BIRD, I LISTEN TO THY STRAIN;
SEE AGED WINTER, MID HIS SURLY REIGN,
AT THY BLITHE CAROL CLEARS HIS FURROW'D BROW;

SO IN LONE POVERTY'S DOMINION DREAR,
SITS MECK CONTENT, WITH LIGHT, UNANXIOUS HEART,
WELCOMES THE RAPID MOMENTS, BIDS THEM PART,
NOR ASKS IF THEY BRING AUGHT TO HOPE OR FEAR.

I THANK THEE, AUTHOR OF THIS OPENING DAY,
THOU WHOSE BRIGHT SUN NOW GILDS YON ORIENT SKIES!
RICHES DENIED, THY BOON WAS PURE JOYS,
WHAT WEALTH COULD NEVER GIVE NOR TAKE AWAY!

YET COME, THOU CHILD OF POVERTY AND CARE;
THE MITE HIGH HEAV'N HAS GIV'N, THAT MITE WITH THEE I'LL SHARE.

TO A MOUSE,

ON TURNING HER UP IN HER NEST, WITH THE PLOUGH,
NOVEMBER, 1785.

WEER, sleekit, cow'rin, tim'rous beastie !
O, what a panic's in thy breastie !
Thou need nae start awa sae hasty,
Wi' bickerin brattle !
I wad be laith t' rin an' chase thee,
Wi' murd'ring pattle !

I'm truly sorrow man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion,
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
An' fellow-mortal !

I doubt na, whyles but thou mayst thiefe ?
What then ? poor beastie, thou maun live !
A daimen-icker in a thrave
's a sma' request :
I'll get a blessin wi' the lave,
And never miss't !

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin !
Its silly wa's the win's are strewin ;
An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
O' foggage green ;
An' bleak December win's ensuin,
Baith snell and keen !

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
An' weary winter comin' fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till, crash ! the cruel coulter past
Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,
Has cost thee monie a weary nibble !
Now thou'st turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
But house or hald,
To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
An' cranreuch cauld !

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
In proving foresight may be vain :
The best laid scheme o' mice an' men,
Gang aft a-gley,
An' lee's us nought but grief and pain
For promis'd joy.

Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' me!
 The *present* only toucheth thee;
 But, och! I backward cast my e'e,
 On prospects drear!
 An' forward, tho' I canna see,
 I *guess* an' fear.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH, IN APRIL, 1786

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
 Thou'st met me in an evil hour;
 For I maun crush amang the stoure
 Thy slender stem;
 To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
 Thou bonie gem.

Ains! it's no thy neebor sweet,
 The bonie *Lark*, companion meet,
 Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,
 Wi' spreckled breast,
 When upward-springing, blithe, to greet
 The purpling East.

Could blew the bitter-biting North
 Upon thy eary, humble bigh;
 Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
 Amid the storm,
 Scarce rear'd above the parent-earth
 Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,
 High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield;
 But thou beneath the random bield
 O' clod or stane,
 Adorns the histie *stibble-field*,
 Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
 Thy snawie bosom sunward spread
 Thou lifts thy unassuming head
 In humble guise;
 But now the *skare* uptears thy bed,
 And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless Maid;
 Sweet *flow'ret* of the rural shade

By love's simplicity betray'd,
 And guileless trust,
 Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
 Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
 On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd ;
 Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
 Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
 And overwhelm him o'er.

Such fate to suffering worth is giv'n,
 Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
 By human pride or cunning driv'n,
 To mis'ry's brink,
 Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but *Hes's*,
 He, ruin'd, sink !

Ev'n thou who mourn'd the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date ;
 Stern Ruin's *plough-share* drives, elate,
 Full on thy bloom,
 Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
 Shall be thy doom.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF BRUAR WATER,*

TO THE NOBLE DUKE OF ATHOLE.

My lord, I know your noble ear
 Wo ne'er assails in vain :
 Emboldened thus, I beg you'll hear
 Your humble slave complain,
 How saucy Phœbus' scorching beams,
 In flaming summer-pride,
 Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams
 And drink my crystal tide.

The lightly jumping glowrin trout,
 That thro' my waters play,
 If, in their random, wanton spouts,
 They near the margin stray ;

* *Bruar Falls, in Athole, are exceedingly picturesque and beautiful: but their effect is much impaired by the want of rocks and shrubs.*

If, hapless chance, they linger lang,
 I'm scorching up so shallow,
 They're left the whit'ning stanes amang,
 In gasping death to wallow.

Last day I grat wi' spite and teen,
 As Poet B**** came by,
 That, to a Bard, I should be seen
 Wi' half my channel dry;
 A panegyric rhyme, I ween,
 Ev'n as I was, he shor'd me;
 But had I in my glory been,
 He, kneeling, wad ador'd me.

Here, foaming down the shelvy rocks,
 In twisting strength I rin;
 There, high my boiling torrent smokes,
 Wild-roaring o'er a linn:
 Enjoying large each spring and well
 As nature gave them me,
 I am, altho' I say't mysel,
 Worth gaun a mile to see.

Would then my noble master please
 To grant my highest wishes,
 He'll shade my banks wi' tow'ring trees,
 And bonie spreading bushes;
 Delighted doubly then, my lord,
 You'll wander on my banks,
 And listen monie a grateful bird
 Return you tuneful thanks.

The sober lav'rock, warbling wild,
 Shall to the skies aspire;
 The gowdspink music's gayest child,
 Shall sweetly join the choir;
 The blackbird strong, the lintwhite clear,
 The mavis mild and mellow;
 The robin pensive autumn cheer,
 In all her looks of yellow:

This too, a covert shall ensure,
 To shield them from the storm;
 And coward maukin sleep secure,
 Low in her grassy form;
 Here shall the shepherd make his seat,
 To weave his crown of flow'rs;
 Or find a shelt'ring, safe retreat,
 From prone descending show'rs.

And here, by sweet endearing stealth,
 Shall meet the loving pair,
 Despising worlds with all their wealth
 As empty, idle care.
 The flow'rs shall vie in all their charms,
 The hour of heav'n to grace,
 And birks extend their fragrant arms,
 To screen the dear embrace.

Here haply too, at vernal dawn,
 Some musing Bard may stray,
 And eye the smoking, dewy lawn,
 And misty mountain, gray;
 Or, by the reaper's nightly beam,
 Mild chequ'ring thro' the trees,
 Rave to my darkly-dashing stream,
 Hoarse-swelling on the breeze.

Let lofty firs, and ashes cool,
 My lowly banks o'erspread,
 And view, deep-bending in the pool,
 Their shadows' wat'ry bed;
 Let fragrant birks in woodbines drest
 My craggy cliffs adorn;
 And, for the little songster's nest,
 The close embow'ring thorn.

So may old Scotia's darling hope,
 Your little angel band,
 Spring, like their father's, up to prop
 Their honour'd native land.
 So may thro' Albion's farthest ken,
 To social flowing glasses,
 The grace be—"Athole's honest men,
 "And Athole's bonie lasses!"

LINES

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL, OVER THE CHIMNEY-PIECE, IN
 THE PARLOUR OF THE INN AT KENMORE, TAYMOUTH.

ADMIRING Nature in her wildest grace,
 These northern scenes with weary feet I trace;
 O'er many a winding dale and painful steep,
 Th' abodes of covey'd grouse and timid sheep,
 My savage journey, curious, I pursue,
 And fam'd Breadalbane opens to my view —

The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides,
 The woods, wild scatter'd, clothe their ample sides;
 Th' outstretching lake, embosom'd 'mong the hills,
 The eye with wonder and amazement fills;
 The Tay, meand'ring sweet, in infant pride,
 The palace rising on his verdant side;
 The lawns wood-fring'd in Nature's native taste;
 The hillocks dropt in Nature's careless haste;
 The arches striding o'er the new-born stream;
 The village, glittering in the noon-tide beam—

Poetic ardours in my bosom swell,
 Lone, wand'ring by the hermit's mossy cell:
 The sweeping theatre of hanging woods;
 Th' incessant roar of headlong tumbling floods—

Here Poesy might wake her heav'n-taught lyre,
 And look thro' Nature with creative fire;
 Here, to the wrongs of Fate half reconcil'd,
 Misfortune's lighten'd steps might wander wild;
 And Disappointment, in these lonely bounds,
 Find balm to sooth her bitter, rankling wounds;
 Here heart-struck Grief might heav'n-ward stretch her
 And injur'd Worth forget and pardon man.

LINES

WRITTEN WITH A PENON, STANDING BY THE FALL OF
 FYERS, NEAR LOCH-NESS.

Among the heathy hills and ragged woods
 The roaring Fyers pours his mossy floods;
 Till full he dashes on the rocky mounds,
 Where, through a shapeless breach, his stream resounds.
 As high in air the bursting torrents flow,
 As deep recoiling surges foam below,
 Prone down the rock the whitening sheet descends,
 And viewless Echo's ear, astonish'd, rends.
 Dim-seen, through rising mists and ceaseless show'rs
 The hoary cavern, wide-surrounding, low'rs.
 Still thro' the gap the struggling river toils,
 And still, below, the horrid caldron boils—

BOOK III.

FAMILIAR AND EPISTOLARY.

TO MISS I.—.

WITH BEATTIE'S POEMS AS A NEW-YEAR'S GIFT, JANUARY
1, 1787.

AGAIN the silent wheels of time
Their annual round have driv'n,
And you, tho' scarce in maiden prime,
Are so much nearer heav'n.

No gifts have I from Indian coasts
The infant year to hail;
I send you more than India boasts
In *Edwin's* simple tale.

Our sex with guile and faithless love
Is charg'd, perhaps too true;
But may, dear maid, each lover prove
An *Edwin* still to you.

TO MISS CRUICKSHANKS,

A VERY YOUNG LADY,

*Written on the blank leaf of a Book, presented to her by the
Author.*

BEAUTEOUS rose-bud, young and gay,
Blooming on thy early May,
Never may'st thou, lovely flow'r,
Chilly shrink in sleety show'r!
Never Boreas' hoary path,
Never Eurus' pois'nous breath,
Never baleful steller lights,
Taint thee with untimely blights!

Never, never reptile thief
 Riot on thy virgin leaf !
 Nor even Sol too fiercely view
 Thy bosom blushing still with dew !

May'st thou long, sweet crimson gem,
 Richly deck thy native stem ;
 Till some evening, sober, calm,
 Dropping dew, and breathing balm,
 While all around the woodland rings,
 And ev'ry bird thy requiem sings ;
 Thou amid the dirgeful sound,
 Shed thy dying honours round,
 And resign to parent earth
 The loveliest form she e'er gave birth.

VERSES

ON A YOUNG LADY,

Residing on the banks of the small river Devon, in Clackmannanshire, but whose infant years were spent in Ayrshire.

How pleasant the banks of the clear-winding Devon,
 With green spreading bushes, and flow'rs blooming fair ;
 But the boniest flower on the banks of the Devon
 Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.

Mild be the sun on this sweet-blushing flower,
 In the gay, rosy morn, as it bathes in the dew !
 And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,
 That steals on the evening each leaf to renew.

O spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,
 With chill hoary wing, as ye usher the dawn !
 And far be thou distant, thou reptile that seizes
 The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn.

Let Bourbon exult in his gay gilded lilies,
 And England triumphant display her proud rose ;
 A fairer than either adorns the green vallies
 Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows.

VERSES:

TO A YOUNG LADY, WITH A PRESENT OF SONGS.

Here, where the Scottish muse immortal lives,
In sacred strains and tuneful numbers join'd
Accept the gift; tho' humble he who gives,
Rich is the tribute of the grateful mind.

So may no ruffian-feeling in thy breast
Discordant jar thy bosom-chords among;
But peace attune thy gentle soul to rest,
Or love ecstatic wake his seraph song:

Or pity's notes, in luxury of tears,
As modest want the tale of woe reveals;
While conscious virtue all the strain endears,
And heav'n-born piety her sanction seals.

VERSES,

WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF OF A COPY OF HIS POEMS,
PRESENTED TO A LADY, WHOM HE HAD OFTEN CELEBRAT-
ED UNDER THE NAME OF CHLORIS.

'Tis Friendship's pledge, my young fair friend,
Nor thou the gift refuse,
Nor with unwilling ear attend
The moralizing muse.

Since thou, in all thy youth and charms,
Must bid the world adieu,
(A world 'gainst peace in constant arms)
To join the friendly few.

Since, thy gay morn of life o'ercast,
Chill came the tempest's lower;
And ne'er misfortune's eastern blast
Did nip a fairer flower.)

Since life's gay scenes must charm no more,
Still much is left behind;
Still nobler wealth hast thou in store,
The comforts of the mind!

Thine is the self-approving glow,
On conscious honour's part;
And, dearest gift of Heaven below,
Thine friendship's truest heart.

The joys refin'd of sense and taste,
 With every Muse to rove :
 And doubly were the Poet blest,
 These joys could he improve.

VERSES,

WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF OF A COPY OF HIS POEMS, PRE-
 SENTED TO AN OLD SWEETHEART, THEN MARRIED.

ONCE fondly lov'd, and still remember'd dear,
 Sweet early object of my youthful vows,
 Accept this mark of friendship, warm, sincere;
 Friendship!—'tis all cold duty now allows :
 And when you read the simple, artless rhymes,
 One friendly sigh for him, he asks no more,
 Who distant burns in flaming, torrid climes,
 Or haply lies beneath the Atlantic roar.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

MRS JESSY L——, DUMFRIES ; WITH BOOKS WHICH THE BARD
 PRESENTED HER.

THINE be the volumes, Jessy fair,
 And with them take the Poet's prayer ;
 That Fate may in her fairest page,
 With ev'ry kindest, best presage
 Of future bliss, enrol thy name,
 With native worth and spotless fame,
 And wakeful caution, still aware
 Of ill—but chief, man's felon snare ;
 All blameless joys on earth we find,
 And all the treasures of the mind—
 These be thy guardian and reward,
 So prays thy faithful friend, the Bard.

TO J. G****.

*Friendship ! mysterious cement of the soul /
 Sweet ner of life, and solder of society !
 I own that wish—*

DEAR.

DEAR G****, the silent, punkie thief,
 That e'er attempted stealth or rief,

Ye surely hae some warlock-breef
Owre human hearts ;
For ne'er a bosom yet was prief
Against your artz.

For me, I swear by sun and moon,
And ev'ry star that blinks aboon,
Ye've cost me twenty pair o' shoon
Just gaun to see you ;
And ev'ry ither pair that's done,
Mair ta'en I'm wi' you.

That auld capricious cartin, Nature,
To mak amends for scrimpit stature,
She's turn'd you aff' a human creature
On her *first* plan,
And in her freaks, on ev'ry feature,
She's wrote the *Man*.

Just now I've ta'en the fit o' rhyme,
My barmie noddle's working prime,
My fancies yerkite up sublime
Wi' hasty summon ;
Hae ye a leisure-moment's time
To hear what's comin' ?

Some rhyme, a neebor's name to lash ;
Some rhyme (vain thought !) for needfu' cash ;
Some rhyme to court the countra clash,
An' raise a din ;
For me, an aim I never fash ;
I rhyme for fun.

The star that rules my luckless lot,
Has fated me the russet coat,
And damn'd my fortune to the groat ;
But in requit,
Has bless'd me wi' a random shot
O' countra wit.

This while my notion's ta'en a skient,
To try my fate in guid black prent ;
But still the mair I'm that way bent,
Something cries, " Hoochie !
I rede you, honest man, tak tent !
Ye'll shaw your folly.

" There's ither poets, much your bettern,
Far seen in *Greek*, deep men o' letters,
Hae thought they had insur'd their debtors
A' future ages ;
Yw moths deform in shapeless tatters
Their unknown pages."

Then fareweel hopes o' laurel-boughs,
 To garland my poetic brows!
 Henceforth I'll rove where busy ploughs
 Are whistling thrang,
 An' teach the lanely heights and howes
 My rustic sang.

I'll wander on wi' tentless heed,
 How never-halting moments speed,
 Till fate shall snap the brittle thread;
 Then, all unknown,
 I'll lay me with the inglorious dead,
 Forgot and gone!

But why o' Death begin a tale?
 Just now we're living, sound, and hale,
 Then top and maintop crowd the sail,
 Heave *Care* o'er-side!
 And large, before Enjoyment's gale,
 Let's tak the tide.

This life, sae far's I understand,
 Is a' enchanted, fairy land,
 Where Pleasure is the magic wand
 That, wielded right,
 Mak's hours like minutes, hand in hand,
 Dance by fu' light,

The magic wand then let us wield;
 For, ance that five-an'-forty's speel'd,
 See crazy, weary, joyless Eild,
 Wi' wrinkled face,
 Comes hostin, hirplin owre the field,
 Wi' creepin pace.

When ance *Life's day* draws near the gloamin,
 Then fareweel vacant careless roamin;
 An' fareweel cheerfu' tankards foamin,
 An' social noise;
 An' fareweel dear, deluding women
 The joy of joys!

O life! how pleasant in thy morning
 Young Fancy's rays the hills adornin'!
 Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scornin',
 We frisk away,
 Like school-boys, at th' expected warning,
 To joy and play.

We wander there, we wander here,
 We eye the rose upon the brier,

Unmindful that the thorn is near,
 Among the leaves ;
 And though the puny wound appear,
 Short while it grieves.

Some, lucky, find a flow'ry spot,
 For which they never toil'd nor swat ;
 They drink the sweet, and eat the fat,
 But care or pain ;
 And, haply, eye the barren hut
 With high disdain.

With steady aim, some Fortune chase ;
 Keen Hope does every sinew brace ;
 Thro' fair, thro' foul, they urge the race,
 And seize the prey ;
 Then cante, in some cozie place,
 They close the day.

And others, like your humble servan',
 Poor wights ! nae rules nor roads observin' ;
 To right or left eternal swervin',
 They zig-zag on ;
 Till curst with age, obscure an' starvin',
 They aften groan.

Alas ! what bitter toil an' straining—
 But, truce with peevish, poor complaining !
 Is Fortune's sickle *Luna* waning ?
 E'en let her gang !
 Beneath what light she has remaining,
 Let's sing our sang.

My pen I here fling to the door,
 And kneel, "Ye Powers!" and warm implore,
 "Tho' I should wander *Terra* o'er,
 In all her climes,
 Grant me but this, I ask no more,
 Ay rowth o' rhymes.

"Gie dreeping roasts to countra lairds,
 Till icicles hing frae their beards ;
 Gie fine braw claes to fine Life-Guards,
 And Maids o' Honour ;
 And yill an' whiskey gie to Cairds,
 Until they scunner.

"A Title, *Dempster* merits it ;
 A *garter* gie to *Willie Pitt* ;
 Gie Wealth to some be-lager'd cit,
 In cent. per cent. ;
 Gie *marvel*, sterling *Wh* ;
 And I'm content.

“ While ye are pleas’d to keep me hale,
 I’ll sit down o’er my scanty meal,
 Be’t water-brose or muslin-kail,
 Wi’ cheerfu’ face,
 As lang’s the Muses dinna fail
 To say the grace.”

An anxious e’e I never throws
 Behint my lug, or by my nose ;
 I jouk beneath Misfortune’s blows
 As weel’s I may ;
 Sworn foe to Sorrow, Care, and Prose,
 I rhyme away.

O ye douce folk, that live by rule,
 Grave, tideless-bloody, calm, and cool,
 Compar’d wi’ you—O fool ! fool ! fool !
 How much unlike !
 Your hearts are just a standing pool,
 Your lives, a dyke !

Nae hair-brain’d, sentimental traces
 In your unlettered nameless faces,
 In arioso trills and graces
 Ye never stray ;
 But, gravissimo, solemn basses
 Ye hum away.

Ye are sae grave, nae doubt ye’re wise ;
 Nae ferly tho’ ye do despise
 The hairum scairum, ram-stam boys,
 The rattlin squad :
 I see you upward cast your eyes—
 Ye ken the road.

Whilst I—but I shall haud me there—
 Wi’ you I’ll scarce gang ony where—
 Then, Jamie, I shall say nae mair,
 But quat my sang,
 Content wi’ you, to mak a pair,
 Whare’er I gang.

EPISTLE TO DAVIE,

A BROTHER POET.*

January ———

I.

WHILE winds frae aff Ben-Lomond blaw
 And bar the doors wi' driving snaw,
 And hing us owre the ingle,
 I sit me down to pass the time,
 And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme,
 In hamely westlin jingle.
 While frosty winds blaw in the-drift,
 Ben to the chimla lug,
 I grudge a wee the great folks' gift,
 That live sae blen an' snug:
 I tent less, and want less
 Their roomy fire side;
 But hanker and canker,
 To see their cursed pride.

II.

It's hardly in a body's pow'r
 To keep at times frae being sour,
 To see how things are shar'd;
 How best o' chiefs are whiles in want,
 While coofs on countless thousands rant,
 And ken na how to wair't:
 But, Davie, lad, ne'er fash your head,
 Tho' we hae little gear,
 We're fit to win our daily bread,
 As lang's we're hale and fier;
 "Mair spier na, no fear na,"†
 Auld age ne'er mind a feg,
 The last o't, the warst o't,
 Is only for to beg.

III.

To lie in kilns and barns at e'en,
 When banes are craz'd and bluid is thin
 Is, doubtless, great distress!
 Yet then content could make us blest;
 Ev'n then, sometimes we'd snatch a taste
 Of truest happiness.

* David Sillar, one of the club at Tarbolton, and author of a volume of Poems in the Scottish dialect.
 Ramsay.

The honest heart that's free frae a'
 Intended fraud or guile,
 However Fortune kick the ba',
 Has ay some cause to smile;
 And mind still, you'll find still,
 A comfort this nae sma';
 Nae mair then, we'll care then,
 Nae farther can we fa'.

IV.

What tho', like commoners of air,
 We wander out we know not where,
 But either house or hal'!
 Yet nature's charms, the hills and woods,
 The sweeping vales and foaming floods,
 Are free alike to all.
 In days when daisies deck the ground,
 And blackbirds whistle clear,
 With honest joy our hearts will bound,
 To see the coming year:
 On braces when we please, then,
 We'll sit an' sowth a tune;
 Syne rhyme till't, we'll time till't,
 And sing't when we hae done.

V.

It's no in titles nor in rank
 It's no in wealth like Lon'on bank,
 To purchase peace and rest;
 It's in makin muckle mair;
 It's no in books; it's no in lear,
 To make us truly blest:
 If happiness hae not her seat
 And centre in the breast,
 We may be wise, or rich, or great,
 But never can be blest:
 Nae treasures, nor pleasures,
 Could make us happy lang;
 The heart's ay the part ay,
 That makes us right or wrang.

VI.

Think ye, that sic as you and I,
 Wha drudge and drive thro' wet and dry,
 Wi' never-ceasing toil,
 Think ye, are we less blest than they,
 Wha scarcely tent us in their way,
 As hardly worth their while?

Alas! how aft in haughty mood,
 God's creatures they oppress!
 Or else, neglecting a' that's guld,
 They riot in excess!
 Baith careless and fearless
 Of either heav'n or hell!
 Esteeming, and deeming
 It's a' an idle tale!

VII.

Then let us cheerfu' acquiesce,
 Nor make our scanty pleasures less,
 By pining at our state;
 And, even should misfortunes come,
 I, here wha sit, hae met wi' some,
 An' 's thankfu' for them yet,
 They gie the wit of age to youth;
 They let us ken oursel;
 They make us see the naked truth,
 The *real* guid and ill.
 Tho' losses and crosses,
 Be lessons right severe,
 There's wit there, ye'll get there,
 Ye'll find na other where.

VIII.

But tent me, *Davie*, ace o' hearts!
 (To say aught less wad wrang the cartes
 And flatt'ry I detest,)
 This life has joys for you and I;
 And joys that riches ne'er could buy;
 And joys the very best.
 There's a' the *pleasures o' the heart*,
 The lover an' the frien';
 Ye hae your *Meg*, your dearest part,
 And I my darling *Jean*!
 It warms me, it charms me,
 To mention but her name:
 It heats me, it beets me,
 And sets me a' on flame!

IX.

O all ye Pow'rs who rule above!
 O *Thou* whose very self art *love*!
Thou know'st my words sincere!
 The life-blood streaming thro' my heart,
 Or my more dear immortal part
 Is not more fondly dear:

When heart-corroding care and grief
 Deprive my soul of rest,
 Her dear idea brings relief
 And solace to my breast.
Thou Being, All-seeing,
 O hear my fervent pray'r,
 Still take her, and make her
Thy most peculiar care!

X.

All hail, ye tender feelings dear!
 The smile of love, the friendly tear,
 The sympathetic glow;
 Long since, this world's thorny ways
 Had number'd out my weary days,
 Had it not been for you!
 Fate still has blest me with a friend,
 In every care and ill;
 And oft a more endearing band,
 A tie more tender still.
 It lightens, it brightens,
 The tenebrific scene,
 To meet with, and greet with,
My Davie or my Jean.

XI.

O, how that *name* inspires my style!
 The words come skelpin rank and file,
 Amangst before I ken!
 The ready measure rins as fine,
 As Phœbus and the famous Nine
 Were glowrin owre my pen.
 My spaviet *Pegasus* will limp,
 Till ance he's fairly het;
 And then he'll hilch, and stilt, and jimp,
 An' rin an unco fit:
 But lest then, the beast then,
 Should rue this hasty ride,
 I'll light now, and dight now,
 His sweaty, wizen'd hide.

TO THE SAME.

AULD NEEBOR,

I'm three times doubly o'er your debtor,
 For your auld-farrant, frien'ly letter,
 Tho' I maun say't, I doubt ye flatter,
 Ye speak sae fair;

For my pair, silly, rhymin' clatter,
Some less maun sair.

Hale be your heart, hale be your fiddle ;
Lang may your elbuck jink an' diddle,
To cheer you thro' the weary widdle
O' war'ly cares,
Till bairns' bairns kindly cuddle
Your auld gray hairs.

But, Davie, lad, I'm red ye're glaikit ;
I'm tauld the muse ye hae negleckit,
An' gif its sae, ye sud be flcket
Until ye fyke ;
Sic hauns as you sud ne'er be faikit,
Be hain't wha like.

For me, I'm on Parnassus' brink,
Rivin the words tae gar them clink ;
Whyles daez't wi' love, whyles daez't wi' drink,
Wi' jads or masons ;
An' whyles, but ay owre late, I think
Braw sober lessons.

Of a' the thoughtless sons o' man,
Commen' me to the Bardie clan ;
Except it be some idle plan
O' rhymin' clink
The devil-haet, that I sud ban,
They ever think.

Nae thought, nae view, nae scheme o' livin',
Nae cares tae gie us joy or grievin' ;
But just the pouchie put the nieve in,
An' while aught's there,
Then hiltie, skiltie, we gae scievin',
An' fash nae mair.

Leeze me on rhyme ! its ay a treasure,
My chief, amaist my only pleasure,
At hame, a-fiel', at wark or leisure,
The Muse, poor hizzie !
Tho' rough an' raploch be her measure,
She's seldom lazy.

Haud tae the Muse, my daintie Davie ;
The warl' may-play you monie a shavie
But for the Muse, she'll never leave ye,
Tho' e'er sae puir
Na, even tho' !impin wi' the spavie
Frae door to door.

EPISTLE TO J. LAPRAIK,

AN OLD SCOTTISH BARD.

April 1, 1785.

WHILE briars an' woodbines budding green,
 An' paltricks scaichin loud at e'en,
 An' morning poussie whiddin seen,
 Inspire my Muse,
 This freedom in an *unknown* frien'
 I pray excuse.

On fasteen-een we had a rockin,
 To ca' the crack and weave our stockin
 And there was muckle fun an' jokin
 Ye need na doubt:
 At length we had a hearty yokin
 At sang about.

There was ae sang, among the rest.
 Aboon them a' it pleas'd me best,
 That some kind husband had addrest
 To some sweet wife;
 It thrill'd the heart-strings thro' the breast,
 A' to the life.

I've scarce heard aught describe sae weel,
 What gen'rous, manly bosoms feel:
 Thought I, "Can this be Pope, or Steele,
 Or Beattie's wark?"
 They told me 'twas an odd kind chiel
 About *Muirkirk*.

It pat me fidgin-fain to hear't,
 And sae about him there I spier't,
 Then a' that kent him round declar'd
 He had *ingine*,
 That nane excell'd it, few cam near't,
 It was sae fine.

That set him to a pint of ale
 An' either douce or merry tale,
 Of rhymes an' sangs he'd made himsel,
 Or witty catches,
 'Tween Inverness and Tiviotdale,
 He had few matches.

Then up I gat, an' swore an aith,
 Though I should pawn my pleugh and graith,

Or die a cadger-pownie's death,
 At some dyke-back,
 A pint an' gill I'd gie them baith
 To hear your crack.

But first an' foremost, I should tell,
 Amaist as soon as I could spell,
 I to the *crambo-jingle* fell,
 Tho' rude an' rough,
 Yet crooning to a body's sel,
 Does weel enough.

I am nae *Poet*, in a sense,
 But just a *Rhymer*, like, by chance,
 An' hae t^o learning nae pretence,
 Yet what tha matter ?
 Whene'er my Muse does on me glance,
 I jingle at her.

Your critic-folk may ceck their nose,
 And say, "How can you e'er propose,
 You wha ken hardly *verse* frae *prose*,
 To mak a *sang* ?"
 But, by your leaves, my learned foes,
 Ye're may be wrang.

What's a' your jargon o' your schools,
 Your Latin names for horns an' stools,
 If honest nature made you *fools*,
 What sairs your grammar ?
 Ye'd better taen up spades and shoals,
 Or knappin-hammers.

A set o' dull, conceited hashies,
 Confuse their brains in college classes !
 They *gang in stirks*, and *come out asses*,
 Plain truth to speak :
 An' syne they think to climb Parnassus
 By dint o' Greek !

Gie me ae spark o' nature's fire,
 That's a' the learning I desire ;
 Then tho' I drudge thro' dub an' mire
 At pleugh or cart,
 My Muse, tho' hamely in attire,
 May touch the heart.

O for a spunk o' *Allan's* glee,
 Or *Fergusson's*, the bauld and slee,
 Or bright *Lapsnik's*, my friend to be,
 If I can hit it !
 That would be *lear* enough for me.
 If I could get it.

Now, sir, if ye hae friends enow,
 Tho' real friends, I b'lieve are few,
 Yet, if your catalogue be fou,
 I'se no insist,
 But gif ye want a friend that's true,
 I'm on your list.

I winna blaw about mysel;
 As ill I like my fauts to tell;
 But friends and folk that wish me well,
 They sometimes roose me,
 Tho' I maun own, as monie still
 As far abuse me.

There's ae *wee faut* they whyles lay to me
 I like the lasses—Gude forgie me!
 For monie a plack they wheedle frae me
 At dance or fair;
 May be some *ither thing* they gie me,
 They weel can spare.

But *Mauchline* race, or *Mauchline* fair,
 I should be proud to meet you there;
 We'se gie ae night's discharge to care,
 If we forgather,
 An' hae a swap o' *rhyming-ware*
 Wi' ane anither.

The four-gill chap, we'se gar him clatter,
 An' kirsen him wi' reekin water;
 Syne we'll sit down an' tak our whitter,
 To cheer our heart;
 An' faith, we'se be acquainted better
 Before we part.

Awa, ye selfish, warty race,
 Wha think that havins, sense an' grace,
 Ev'n love an' friendship should give place
 To *catch-the-plack*!
 I dinna like to see your face,
 Nor hear your crack.

But ye whom social pleasure charms,
 Whose hearts the tide of kindness warms
 Who hold your *being* on the terms,
 "Each aid the others!"
 Come to my bowl, come to my arms,
 My friends, my brothers!

But, to conclude my lang epistle,
 As my auld pen's worn to the gristle;

See I've begun to scrawl, but whether
 In rhyme or prose, or baith thegither,
 Or some hotch-potch that's rightly neither,
 Let time mak proof;
 But I shall scribble down some blether
 Just clean aff-loof.

My worthy friend, ne'er grudge an' carp
 Tho' fortune use you hard an' sharp;
 Come, kittle up your *moorland harp*
 Wi' gleesome touch!
 Ne'er mind how Fortune *wast an' warp*;
 She's but a b-tch.

She's gien me monie a jest an' fleg,
 Sin' I could striddle owre a rig;
 But by the L—d, tho' I should beg
 Wi' layart pow,
 I'll laugh an' sing, an' shake my leg,
 As lang's I dow!

Now comes the sax-an'-twentieth simmer
 I've seen the bud ope' the timmer,
 Still persecuted by the limmer
 Frae year to year;
 But yet, despite the kittle kimmer
 I, Rob, am here.

Do ye envy the city *Gent*,
 Behind a kist to lie and skient,
 Or purse-proud, big wi' *cent. per cent.*,
 And muckle wane,
 In some bit burgh to represent
 A Bailie's name!

Or, is't the panghty, feudal Thane,
 Wi' ruffled sark an' glancing cane,
 Wha thinks himsel nae sheep-shank bane,
 But lordly stalks,
 While caps and bonnets aff are taen,
 As by he walks?

"O *Thou* wha gies us each good gift,
 Gie me o' wit an' sense a lift,
 Then turn me, if *Thou* please, adrift,
 Thro' Scotland wide;
 Wi' *Cits* nor *Lairds* I wadna shift,
 In a' their *pride!*"

Were this the charter of our state,
 "On pain of hell be rich an' great,"

Damnation then would be our fate,
 Beyond remead;
 But thanks to Heav'n! that's no the gate
 We learn our creed:—

For thus the royal mandate ran,
 When first the human race began—
 "The social, friendly, honest man,
 Whate'er he be,
 'Tis he fulfils *great Nature's plan*,
 An' none but *he!*"

O mandate glorious and divine!
 The ragged followers of the Nine,
 Poor thoughtless devils! yet may shine
 In glorious light,
 While sordid sons of Mammon's line
 Are dark as night.

Tho' here they scrape, an' squeeze, an' growl,
 Their worthless neivefu' of a soul
 May in some future carcass howl,
 The forest fright;
 Or in some day-detesting owl
 May shun the light.

Then may Lapraik and Burns arise,
 To reach their native, kindred skies,
 And sing their pleasures, hopes, an' joys,
 In some mild sphere,
 Still closer knit in friendship's ties,
 Each passing year!

TO W. S*****N.

OCHILTREE, MAY, 1785.

I GA' your letter, winsome *Willie*;
 Wi' grateful heart I thank you brawlie;
 Tho' I maun say't, I wad be silly,
 An' unco vain,
 Should I believe, my coaxin' belly,
 Your flatt'rin' strain.

But I see believe ye kindly meant it,
 I sud be laith to think ye hinted
 Ironie satire, sidelin' skinted
 On my poor Musie;
 Tho' in sic phrasin terms ye've pain'd it,
 I scarce excuse ye.

My senses wad be in a creel,
Should I but dare a *hope* to speel,
Wi' *Allan*, or wi' *Gilbertfield*,
The braes o' fame ;
Or *Fergusson*, the writer-chiel,
A deathless name.

(O *Fergusson* ! thy glorious parts
Ill suited law's dry, musty arts !
My curse upon your whunstane hearts,
Ye E'nburgh gentry !
The tithe o' what ye waste at cartes,
Wad stow'd his pantry !)

Yet when a tale comes i' my head,
Or lassés gie my heart a screed,
As whyles they're like to be my dead,
(O sad disease !)
I kittle up my *rustic reed*,
It gies my ease.

Auld *Coila* now may fidge fu' fain,
She's gotten Poets o' her ain,
Chiefs wha their chanters winna hain,
But tune their lays
Till echoes a' resound again
Her weel-sung praise.

Nae Poet thought her worth his while,
To set her name in measur'd style !
She lay like some unkenn'd-of isle
Beside *New-Holland*,
Or whare wild-meeting oceans boil
Besouth *Magellan*.

Ramsay an' famous *Fergusson*
Gled *Forth* an' *Tay* a lift aboon ;
Yarrow an' *Tweed*, to monie a tune,
Owre Scotland rings ;
While *Irwin*, *Lugar*, *Ayr* an' *Deen*,
Nae body sings.

Th' *Illiasus*, *Tiber*, *Thames* an' *Seina*,
Glide sweet in monie a tunefu' line !
But, *Willie*, set your fit to mine,
An' cock your crest,
We'll gar our streams and burnies shine
Up wi' the best.

We'll sing auld *Coila's* plains an' fells,
Her moors red-brown wi' heather-bells,

Her banks an' braes, her dens an' dells,
 Where glorious *Wallace*
 Aft bure the gree, as story tells,
 Frae Southron billies.

At *Wallace's* name, what Scottish blood
 But boils up in a spring-tide flood!
 Oft have our fearless fathers strode
 By *Wallace's* side,
 Still pressing onward, red-wat shod,
 Or glorious dy'd.

O sweet are *Coila's* haughs an' woods,
 When lintwhites chant amang the buds,
 And jirkin bares, in amorous whids,
 Their loves enjoy,
 While thro' the braes the cushat croods
 Wi' wailfu' cry!

Ev'n winter bleak has charms to me,
 When winds rave through the naked tree;
 Or frosts on hills of *Ochiltree*
 Are hoary gray;
 Or blinding drifts wild furious flee,
 Dark'ning the day!

O *Nature!* a' thy shews an' forms
 To feeling pensive hearts nae charms!
 Whether the summer kindly warms,
 Wi' life an' light,
 Or winter howls, in gusty storms,
 The lang, dark night!

The Muse, nae Poet ever fand her,
 Till by himself he learn'd to wander,
 Adown some trotting burn's meander,
 An' no think lang!
 O sweet, to stray an' pensive ponder
 A heart-felt sang!

The warly race may drudge an' drive,
 Hog-shouther, jundie, stretch an' strive,
 Let me fair *Nature's* face describe,
 And I, wi' pleasure,
 Shall let the busy, grumbling hive
 Bum owre their treasure.

Fareweel, "my rhyme-composing brither!"
 We've been owre lang unkenn'd to ither:
 Now let us lay our heads thegither,
 In love fraternal:
 May *Envy* wallop in a tether,
 Black fiend, infernal!

While Highlandmen have tolls an' taxes;
 While moorlan' herds like guid fat braxies;
 While *terra firma*, on her axis
 Diurnal turns,
 Count on a friend in faith an' practice,
 In *Robert Burns*.

POSTSCRIPT.

My mem'ry's no worth a preen;
 I had amaist forgotten clean,
 Ye bade me write you what they mean
 By this new light,*
 'Bout which our herds sae aft hae been
 Maist like to fight.

In days when mankind were but callans
 At Grammar, Logic, and sic talents,
 They took nae pains their speech to balance,
 Or rules to gie,
 But spak their thoughts in plain, braid Lallians
 Like you or me.

In thae auld times, they thought the moon,
 Just like sark, or pair o' shoon,
 Wore by degrees, till her last roon,
 Gaed past their viewin',
 An' shortly after she was done,
 They gat a new one.

This past for certain, undisputed:
 It ne'er came in their heads to doubt it.
 Till chiefs gat up an' wad confute it,
 An' ca'd it wrang;
 An' muckle din there was about it,
 Baith loud and lang.

Some herds, wecl learn'd upo' the beuk,
 Wad threap suld folk the thing misteuk?
 For 'twas the auld moon turn'd a neuk,
 An' out o' sight.
 An' backlin-comin, to the leuk,
 She grew mair bright.

This was deny'd, it was affirm'd;
 The herds an' hissles were alarm'd;
 The rev'rend gray-beards rav'd an' storm'd,
 That beardless laddies
 Should think they better were inform'd
 Than their auld daddies.

* *New light, a cant phrase in the West of Scotland for those religious opinions which Dr. Taylor of Norwich defended so strenuously.*

Frae less to mair it gaed to sticks ;
 Frae words an' aiths to blours an' nicks ;
 And monie a fallow gat his licks,
 Wi' hearty crunt ;
 An' some, to learn them for their tricks,
 Werc hang'd an' brunt.

This game was play'd in monie lands,
 An' auld light caddies pure sic hands,
 That, faith, the youngsters took the sands
 Wi' nimble shanks,
 The lairds forbade, by strict commands,
 Sic bluidy pranks.

But new-light herds gat sic a cove,
 Folk thought them ruin'd stick an' stowe,
 Till now amais on ev'ry knowe,
 Ye'll find ane plac'd ;
 An' some, their new-light fair avow,
 Just quite barefac'd.

Nae doubt the auld-light flocks are bleatin ;
 Their zealous herds are vex'd an' sweatin ;
 Mysel, I've even seen them greetin
 Wi' girmin spite,
 To hear the moon sae sadly lied on
 By word an' writae.

But shortly they will cove the louns ;
 Some auld-light herds in neebor towns
 Are mind't in things they ca' balloons,
 To tak a flight,
 An' stay ae month amang the moons,
 An' see them right.

Guld observation they will gie them,
 An' when the auld moon's gaun to lea'e them
 The hindmost shaird, they'll fetch it wi' them
 Just i' their pouch,
 An' when the new-light billies see them,
 I think they'll crouch !

Sae ye observe that a' this clatter
 Is naething but a "moonshine matter ;"
 But tho' dull prose-folk Latin splatter
 In logic tuzle,
 I hope, we bardies ken some better
 Than mind sic brulzie.

EPISTLE TO J. R*****.

ENCLOSING SOME POEMS.

O ROUGH, rude, ready-witted R*****,
 The wale o'cocks for fun and drinkin'!
 There's monie godly folks are thinkin',
 Your dreams* an' tricks
 Will send you, Korah-like, a sinkin',
 Straught to auld Nick s.

Ye hae sae monie cracks an' cants,
 And in your wicked, drucken rants,
 Ye make a devil o' the saunts,
 An' fill them fou;
 And then their failings, flaws, an' wants,
 Are a' seen thro'.

Hypocrisy, in mercy spare it!
 That holy robe, O dinna tear it!
 Spar't for their sakes wha aften wear it,
 The lads in black;
 But your curst wit, when it comes near it,
 Rives't aff their back.

Think, wicked shiner, wha ye're skaithing,
 It's just the *blue-gown* badge an' claithing
 O' saunts; tak that, ye lea'e them naething
 To ken them by,
 Frae ony unregenerate heathen
 Like you or I.

I've sent you here some rhyming ware,
 A' that I bargain'd for, an' mair;
 Sae, when ye hae an hour to spare,
 I will expect
 Your *sang*†, ye'll'sen't wi' cannie care
 And no neglect.

Tho' faith, mna' heart hae I to sing!
 My Muse dow scarcely spread her wing!
 I've play'd mysel a bonie spring,
 An' danc'd my fill!
 I'd better gaen an' sair'd the king,
 At *Bunker's Hill*.

* A certain humorous dream of his was then making a noise in the country-side.

† A song he had promised the Author.

'Twas ae night, lately, in my fun,
I gaed a roving wi' the gun,
An' brought a *partrick* to the grun.
A bonie hen,
An', as the twilight was begun,
Thought nane wad ken

The poor, wee thing was little hurt,
I straikeit it a wee for sport,
Ne'er thinkin they wad fash me for't,
But dell-ma'-care'
Somebody tells *the poacher-court*
The hale affair.

Some auld-us'd hands had taen a note
That sic a hen had got a shot;
I was suspected for the plot;
I scorn'd to lie,
So gat the whistle o' my groat,
An' pay't the fee

But, by my gun, o' guns the wale,
An' by my pouter an' my hail,
An' by my hen, an' by her tail,
I vow an' swear!
The *game* shall pay o'er moor an' dale
For this, niest year.

As soon's the clockin-time is by,
An' the wee pouts begin to cry,
L—d, I'se hac sportin by an by,
'For my gowd guinea.
Tho' I should herd the *buckskin* kye
For't in Virginia.

Trowth, they had muckle for to blame'
'Twas neither broken wing nor limb,
But twa-three draps about *the wame*
Scarce thro' the feathers;
An' baith a yellow George to claim,
An' thole their blethers'

It pits me ay as mad's a hare;
So I can rhyme nor write nae mair!
But *pennyworths* again is fair,
When time's expedient;
Meanwhile, I am, respected sir,
Your most obedient

TO DR. BLACKLOCK.

Ellisland, Oct. 21, 1769.

Wow, but your letter made me vauntle !
 And are ye hale, and weel, and cantie ?
 I kenn'd it still your wee bit jauntle
 Wad bring ye to :
 Lord send ye ay as weel's I want ye,
 And then ye'll do.

The ill-thief blaw the Heron* south !
 And never drink be near his drouth !
 He tald mysel by word o' mouth,
 He'd tak my letter ;
 I lippen'd to the chiel in trowth
 And bade nae better.

But aiblins honest Master Heron
 Had at the time some dainty fair one,
 To ware his theologic care on,
 And holy study ;
 And tir'd o' sauls to waste his lear on,
 E'en tried the body.

But what d'ye think, my trusty fier,
 I'm turn'd a gauger—peace be here !
 Parnassan queens, I fear, I fear
 Ye'll now disdain me,
 And then my fifty pounds a-year
 Will little gain me.

Ye glaikit, gleesome, daintie damies.
 Wha by Castalia's wimplin streamies,
 Lowp, sing, and lave your pretty limbies
 Ye ken, ye ken,
 That strang necessity supreme is
 'Mang sons o' men.

I hae a wife an' twa wee laddies,
 They maun hae brose and brats o' duddies.
 Ye ken yoursels my heart right proud is,
 I need na vaunt,
 But I'll mned besoms—thraw saugh woodies,
 Before they want.

* *Mr. Heron, author of a History of Scotland, and various other works*

Lord help me thro' this warld o' care!
 I'm weary sick o't late and air!
 Not but I hae a richer share
 Than mony ithers:
 But why should ae man better fare,
 And a' men brithers?

Come, Firm Resolve, take thou the van,
 Thou stalk o' earl-hemp in man!
 And let us mind, faint heart ne'er wan
 A lady fair;
 Wha does the utmost that he can,
 Will whyles do mair.

But to conclude my silly rhyme,
 (I'm scant o' verse, and scant o' time,)
 To make a happy fire-side clime
 To weans and wife,
 That's the true pathos and sublime
 Of human life.

My compliments to sister Beckie;
 And eke the same to honest Lucky,
 I wat she is a dainty chuckie,
 As e'er tread clay!
 An' gratefully, my guid auld cockie,
 I'm yours for ay.

ROBERT BURNS.

TO COLONEL DE PEYSTER

DUMFRIES, 1796.

My honour'd Colonel, deep I feel
 Your interest in the Poet's weal;
 Ah! now sma' heart hae I to speel
 The steep Parnassus,
 Surrounded thus by bolus pill,
 And potion glasses.

O what a canty warld were it,
 Would pain, and care, and sickness spare it;
 And fortune favour worth and merit,
 As they deserve:
 (And aye a rowth, roast-beef and claret;
 Sync wha wad starve?)

Dame Life, tho' fiction out may trick her
 And in paste gems and frippery deck her:
 Oh! flickering, feeble, and unsicker
 I've found her still,
 Ay wavering like the willow wicker,
 'Tween good and ill.

Then that curst carmagnoles, auld Satan,
 Watches, like baudrans by a rattan,
 Our shufu' saul to get a claut on
 Wi' felon ire;
 Syne, whip! his tail ye'll ne'er cast saut on,
 He's aff like fire.

Ah! Nick! ah Nick! it is na fair,
 First showing us the tempting ware,
 Bright wines and bonie lasses rare,
 To put us daft;
 Syne weave, unseen, thy spider snare,
 O' hell's damn'd waft.

Poor man the fie, aft bizzies by,
 And aft as chance he comes thee nigh,
 Thy auld damn'd elbow yeuks wi' joy,
 And hellish pleasure;
 Already in thy fancy's eye,
 Thy sicker treasure.

Soon heels o'er gowdie! in he gangs,
 And like a sheep-head on a tangs,
 They girning laugh enjoy his pangs
 And murdering wrestle,
 As dangling in the wind, he hangs,
 A gibbet's tassel.

But lest you think I am uncivil,
 To plague you with this draunting drivel,
 Abjuring a' intentions evil,
 I quat my pen:
 The Lord preserve us frae the devil!
 Amen! Amen!

TO MR. MITCHELL,

COLLECTOR OF EXCISE, DUMFRIES, 1796.

FRIEND of the Poet, tried and leal,
 Wha wanting thee might beg or steal;

Alake, alake, the meikle dell
 Wi' a' his witches
 Are at it, skelpin ! jig and reel,
 In my poor pouches.

I modestly, fu' fain wad hint it,
 That *one pound one*, I sairly want it ;
 If wi' the hizzie down ye sent it,
 It would be kind ;
 And while my heart wi' life-blood dunted,
 I'd bear't in mind.

So may the auld year gang out moaning
 To see the new come laden, groaning,
 Wi' double plenty o'er the loaning
 To thee and thine ;
 Domestic peace and comforts crowning
 The hale design.

POSTSCRIPT.

Ye've heard this while how I've been *licket*,
 And by fell death was nearly *nicket* ;
 Grim loun ! he gat me by the *fecket*,
 And sair me *sheuk* ;
 But by good luck, I lap a *wicket*,
 And turn'd a *neuk*.

But by that health, I've got a share o't,
 And by that life, I'm promis'd mair o't,
 My hale and weel I'll take a care o't,
 A tentier way ;
 Then fareweel, folly, hide and hair o't,
 For ance and aye.

LETTER

TO J—S T—T GL—NO—R.

AULD comrade dear and brither sinner,
 How's a' the folk about GL—nc—r ?
 How do you this blae eastlin wind,
 That's like to blaw a body blind ?
 For me, my faculties are frozen,
 My dearest member nearly dozen'd :
 I've sent you here my Johnnie Simson,
 Twa sage philosophers to glimpse on ;
 Smith, wi' his sympathetic feeling,
 An' Reid to common sense appealing.

Philosophers have fought an' wrangled,
 And meikle Greek an' Latin mangled,
 Till wi' their logic-jargon tir'd,
 An' in the depth of science mir'd,
 To common sense they now appeal,
 What wives and wabsters see an' feel:
 But hark ye, friend, I charge you strictly,
 Peruse them an' return them quickly;
 For now I'm grown sae cursed dounce,
 I pray an' ponder *butt* the house,
 My shins, my lane, I there sit roastin',
 Perusing Bunyan, Brown, and Boston;
 Till by an' by, if I haud on,
 I'll grunt a real Gospel groan;
 Already I begin to try it,
 To cast my een up like a pyet,
 When by the gun she tumbles o'er,
 Flutt'ring an' gasping in her gore:
 Sae shortly you shall see me bright,
 A burning an' a shining light.

My heart-warm love to guld auld Glen,
 The ace an' wale of honest men;
 When bending down with auld gray hairs,
 Beneath the load of years and cares,
 May he who made him still support him,
 An' views beyond the grave comfort him.
 His worthy family far and near,
 God bless them a' wi' grace and gear.

My auld school-fellow, Preacher Willie,
 The manly tar, my mason Billie,
 An' Auchenbay, I wish him joy;
 If he's a parent, lass or boy,
 May he be dad, and Meg the mither,
 Just five-an'-forty years thegither!
 An' no forgetting wabster Charlie,
 I'm tauld he offers very fairly.
 An' L—d remember singing Sannock,
 Wi' hale breeks, saxpence an' a bannock.
 And next, my auld acquaintance, Nancy,
 Since she is fitted to her fancy;
 An' her kind stars hae airted till her
 A guld chiel wi' a pickle siller.
 My kindest, best respects I sen' it,
 To cousin Kate, an' sister Janet;
 Tell them frae me, wi' chieks be cautious,
 For faith, they'll aiblins fin' them fashious:
 To grant a heart is fairly civil, Google

'But to grant a maidenhead's the devil !
 An' lastly, Jamie, for yoursel,
 May guardian angels tak a spell,
 An steer you seven miles south o' hell :
 But first, before you see heav'n's glory,
 May ye get monie a merry story,
 Monie a laugh and monie a drink,
 An' ay enough o' needfu' clink.

Now fare ye weel, an' joy be wi' you,
 For my sake this I beg it o' you,
 Assist poor Simson a' ye can,
 Ye'll fin' him just an honest man :
 Sae I conclude and quat my chanter,
 Your's, saint or sinner,

ROB THE RANTER.

TO THE GUIDWIFE OF WAUCHOPE-HOUSE,

IN ANSWER TO AN EPISTLE WHICH SHE HAD SENT THE
AUTHOR.

I.

Guidwife,

I MIND it weel in early date,
 When I was beardless, young, and blate,
 And first could thresh the barn ;
 Or haud a yokin at the pleugh ;
 An' tho' for foughten sair enough,
 Yet unco proud to learn :
 When first amang the yellow corn
 A man I reckon'd was,
 And wi' the lave ilk merry morn,
 Could rank my rig and lass,
 Still shearing, and clearing
 The tither stooked raw,
 Wi' claivers, an' haivers,
 Wearing the day awa.

II.

Ev'n then, a wish, I mind it's pow'r,
 A wish that to my latest hour,
 Shall strongly heave my breast,
 That I for poor auld Scotland's sake
 Some usefu' plan or book could make,
 Or sing a sang at least.

The rough burr-thistle, spreading wide
 Among the bearded bear,
 I turn'd the weeder-clips aside,
 An' spar'd the symbol dear;
 No nation, no station,
 My envy e'er could raise,
 A Scot still, but blot still,
 I knew nae higher praise.

III.

But still the elements o' sang,
 In formless jumble, right an' wrang,
 Wild floated in my brain;
 Till on that har'st I said before,
 My partner in the merry core,
 She rous'd the forming strain!
 I see her yet, the sonsie quean,
 That lighted up her jingle,
 Her witching smile, her pauky e'en,
 That gar't my heart-strings tingle;
 I fired, inspired,
 At every kindling keek,
 But bashing, and dashing,
 I feared ay to speak.

IV.

Hail to the set, ilk guid chiel says,
 Wi' merry dance in winter-days,
 An' we to share in common;
 The gust o' joy, the balm o' wo,
 The saul o' life, the heav'n below,
 Is rapture-giving woman.
 Ye surly sumphs, who hate the name,
 Be mindfu' o' your mither;
 She, honest woman, may think shame
 That ye're connected with her;
 Ye're wae men, ye're nae men,
 That slight the lovely dears;
 To shame ye, disclaim ye,
 Ilk honest birkie swears.

V.

For you, na bred to barn or byre,
 Wha sweetly tune the Scottish lyre,
 Thanks to you for your line.
 The marled plaid ye kindly spare
 By me should gratefully be ware
 'Twad please me to the Nine.

I'd be mair vauntle o' my hap,
 Douse hingin o'er my curple,
 Than onie ermine ever lap,
 Or proud imperial purple.
 Fareweel then, lang hale then,
 An' plenty be your fa' :
 May losses and crosses
 Ne'er at your hallan ca'.

March, 1787.

R. BURNS.

TO J. RANKEN,

ON HIS WRITING TO THE AUTHOR THAT A GIRL WAS WITH
 CHILD BY HIM.

I AM a keeper of the law
 In some sma' points, altho' not a' ;
 Some people tell me gin I fa',
 Ae way or ither,
 The breaking of ae point, tho' sma',
 Breaks a' thegither.

I hae been in for't ance or twice,
 And winna say o'er far for thrice,
 Yet never met with that surprise
 That broke my rest,
 But now a rumour's like to rise,
 A whaup's i' the nest.

ADDRES

TO AN ILLEGITIMATE CHILD.

Thou's welcome, wean, mishanter fa' me,
 If aught of thee, or of thy mammy,
 Shall ever danton me, or awe me,
 My sweet wee lady,
 Or if I blush when thou shalt ca' me
 Tit-ta or daddy

Wee image of my bonie Betty,
 I fatherly will kiss an' daut thee,
 As dear an' dear my heart I set thee
 Wi' as gude will
 As a' the priests had seen me get thee
 That's out o' h-ll.

What tho' they ca' me fornicator,
 An' tease my name in kintry-clatter;
 The mair they tauk I'm kent the better,
 E'en let them clash;
 An auld wife's tongue's a feckless matter
 To gie ane fash.

Sweet fruit o' monie a merry dint;
 My funny tiel is now a' tint,
 Sin' thou came to the warl asklent,
 Which fools may scoff at;
 In my last plack thy part's be in't—
 The better half o't.

An' if thou be what I wad hae thee,
 An' tak the counsel I shall gie thee,
 A lovin father I'll be to thee,
 If thou be spar'd
 Thro' a' thy childish years I'll e'e thee,
 An' think't weel war'd.

Gude grant that thou may ay inherit
 Thy mither's person, grace, an' merit,
 An' thy poor worthless daddy's spirit,
 Without his failins,
 'Twill please me mair to hear an' see't,
 Than stocket mailins.

TO A TAILOR,

IN ANSWER TO AN EPISTLE WHICH HE HAD SENT THE
 AUTHOR.

WHAT ails ye now, ye lousie b—h,
 To thresh my back at sic a pitch?
 Losh man! hne mercy wi' your natch,
 Your bodkin's bauld,
 I did na suffer half sae much
 Frae daddy Auld.

What tho' at times when I grow crouse,
 I gie their wames a random pouse,
 Is that enough for you to souse
 Your servant sae?
 Gae mind your seam, ye prick the louse,
 An' jag the flae. Google

King David o' poetic brief,
 Wrought 'mang the lasses sic mischief
 As fill'd his after life wi' grief
 An' bloody rants,
 An' yet he's rank'd amang the chief
 O lang syne saunts.

And, may be, Tam, for a' my cants,
 My wicked rhymes, an' drucken rant,
 I'll gie auld cloven Clooty's haunts
 An unco slip yet,
 An' snugly sit amang the saunts,
 At Davie's hip yet.

But fegs, the session says I maun
 Gae fa' upo' anither plan,
 Than garren lasses cowp the cran
 Clean heels owre body,
 And sairly thole their mithers' ban
 Afore the howdy.

This leads me on, to tell for sport
 How I did with the session sort—
 Auld Clinkum at the inner port
 Cry'd three times, "Robin!
 Come hither, lad, an' answer for't,
 Ye're blam'd for jobbin."

Wi' pinch I put a Sunday's face on,
 An' snoov'd awa' before the session—
 I made an open, fair confession,
 I scorn'd to lie;
 An' syne Mess John, beyond expression,
 Fell foul o' me.

A fornicator loun he call'd me,
 An' said my faut frae bliss expell'd me;
 I own'd the tale was true he tell'd me,
 "But what the matter,"
 Quo' I, "I fear unless ye geld me,
 I'll ne'er be better."

"Geld you!" quo' he, "and whatfore no,
 If that your right hand, leg or toe,
 Should ever prove your sp'itual foe,
 You shou'd remember
 To cut it aff, and whatfore no
 Your dearest member."

"a, Na," quo' I, "I'm no for that,
 'g's nae better than 'tis ca't,

I'd rather suffer for my fault,
 A hearty flewit
 As sair owre hip as ye can draw't!
 Tho' I should rue it.

"Or gin ye like to end the bother
 To please us a' I've just ae ither,
 When next wi' yon lass I forgather
 Whate'er betide it,
 I'll frankly gie her't a' thegither,
 An' let her guide it."

But, Sir, this pleas'd them warst ava,
 An' therefore, Tam, when that I saw,
 I said "Gude night," and cam awa',
 An' left the session;
 I saw they were resolved a'
 On my oppression.

TO MR. WILLIAM TYTLER.

WITH A PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR.

REVERED defender of beauteous Stuart,
 Of Stuart, a name once respected,
 A name, which to love was the mark of a true heart,
 But now 'tis despised and neglected.

Tho' something like moisture conglobes in my eye,
 Let no one misdeem me disloyal;
 A poor friendless wanderer may well claim a sigh,
 Still more, if that wand'rer were royal.

My fathers that name have rever'd on a throne;
 My fathers have fallen to right it;
 Those fathers would spurn their degenerate son,
 That name should he scoffingly slight it.

Still in prayers for K— G— I most heartily join,
 The Q—, and the rest of the gentry,
 Be they wise, be they foolish, is nothing of mine;
 Their title's avow'd by my country.

But why of this epocha make such a fuss,

But loyalty, truce ! we're on dangerous ground,
 Who knows how the fashions may alter ?
 The doctrine to-day that is loyalty sound,
 To-morrow may bring us a halter.

I send you a trifle, a head of a bard,
 A trifle scarce worthy your care,
 But accept it, good sir, as a mark of regard,
 Sincere as a saint's dying prayer.

Now life's chilly evening dim shades on your eye,
 And ushers the long dreary night ;
 But you, like the star that athwart glids the sky,
 Your course to the latest is bright.

EPISTLE

TO R. GRAHAM, ESQ. OF FINTRA.

WHEN Nature her great masterpiece design'd,
 And fram'd her last, best work, the human mind,
 Her eye intent on all the mazy plan,
 She form'd of various parts the various man.

Then first she calls the useful many forth ;
 Plain, plodding industry, and sober worth ;
 Thence peasants, farmers, native sons of earth,
 And merchandize, whole genus take their birth ;
 Each prudent cit a warm existence finds,
 And all mechanics' many apron'd kinds.
 Some other rarer sorts are wanted yet,
 The lead and buoy are needful to the net ;
 The *caput mortuum* of gross desires
 Makes a material for mere knights and squires ;
 The martial phosphorus is taught to flow,
 She kneads the lumpish, philosophic dough,
 Then marks th' unyielding mass with grave designs
 Law, physics, politics, and deep divines ;
 Last she sublimes the Aurora of the poles,
 The flashing elements of female souls.

The order'd system fair before her stood,
 Nature, well pleas'd, pronounced it very good ;
 But ere she gave creating labour o'er,
 Half jest, she tried one curious labour more
 Some spumy, fiery, *ignis fatuus* matter ;
 Such as the slightest breath of air might scatter ;
 In arch alacrity and conscious glee

(Nature may have her whim as well as we,
 Her Hogarth-art perhaps she meant to show it)
 She forms the thing, and christens it—a poet.
 Creature, though oft the prey of care and sorrow,
 When blest to-day unmindful of to-morrow.
 A being form'd to amuse his graver friends,
 Admir'd and prais'd—and there the homage ends;
 A mortal quite unfit for fortune's strife,
 Yet oft the sport of all the ills of life;
 Prone to enjoy each pleasure riches give,
 Yet haply wanting wherewithal to live;
 Longing to wipe each tear, to heal each groan,
 Yet frequent all unheeded in his own.

But honest Nature is not quite a Turk,
 She laugh'd at first, then felt for her poor work,
 Pitying the propless climber of mankind,
 She cast about a *standard-tree* to find;
 And, to support his helpless woodbine state,
 Attach'd him to the *generous truly great*,
 A title, and the only one I claim,
 To lay strong hold for help on bounteous Graham.

Pity the tuneful Muses' hapless train,
 Weak, timid landmen on life's stormy main!
 Their hearts no selfish, stern, absorbent stuff,
 That neither gives—though humbly takes enough
 The little fate allows, they share as soon,
 Unlike sage, proverb'd Wisdom's hard-wrung boon.
 The world were blest did bliss on them depend,
 Ah! that "the friendly e'er should want a friend!"
 Let prudence number o'er each sturdy son,
 Who life and wisdom at one race begun,
 Who feel by reason, and who give by rule,
 (Instinct's a brute, and sentiment a fool!)
 Who make poor *will* do wait upon *I should*—
 We own they're prudent, but who feels they're good?
 Ye wise ones, hence! ye hurt the social eye!
 God's image rudely etch'd on base alloy!
 But come ye who the godlike pleasure know,
 Heaven's attribute distinguish'd—to bestow!
 Whose arms of love would grasp the human race;
 Come *thou* who giv'st with all a courtier's grace;
Friend of my life, true patron of my rhymes!
 Prop of my dearest hope for future times.
 Why shrinks my soul half-blushing, half-afraid,
 Backward, abashed to ask thy friendly aid?
 I know my need, I know thy giving hand,
 I crave thy friendship at thy kind command;

But there are such who court the tuneful nine—
 Heavens! should the branded character be mine,
 Whose verse in manhood's pride sublimely flows,
 Yet vilest reptiles in their begging prose,
 Mark, how their lofty, independent spirit
 Soars on the spurning wing of injured merit!
 Seek not the proofs in private life to find!
 Pity, the best of words should be but wind!
 So to heaven's gates the lark's shrill song ascends,
 But grovelling on the earth the carol ends.
 In all the clamorous cry of starving want,
 They dun benevolence with shameful front;
 Oblige them, patronise their tinsel lays,
 They persecute you all your future days!
 Ere my poor soul such deep damnation stain,
 My horny fist assume the plough again;
 The plebald jacket let me patch once more;
 On eighteen pence a week I've liv'd before.
 Though thanks to heaven, I dare even that last shift;
 I trust, meantime, my boon is in thy gift;
 That placed by thee upon the wished-for height,
 Where, Man and Nature fairer in her sight,
 My Muse may imp her wing for some sublimer flight.

TO THE SAME.

LATE crippled of an arm, and now a leg,
 About to beg a pass for leave to beg;
 Dull, listless, teased, dejected and deprest,
 (Nature is adverse to a cripple's rest.)
 Will generous *Graham* list to his Poet's wail?
 (It soothes poor Misery hearkening to her tale)
 And hear him curse the light he first surveyed,
 And doubly curse the luckless, rhyming trade!

Thou, Nature, partial Nature, I arraign;
 Of thy caprice maternal I complain.
 The lion and the bull thy care have found,
 One shakes the forest, and one spurns the ground;
 Thou gi'st the ass his hide, the snail his shell,
 Th' envenom'd wasp, victorious, guards his cell.
 Thy minions, kings, defend, control, devour
 In all th' omnipotence of rule and power.
 Foxes and statesmen, subtle wiles insure;
 The cit and polecat stink, and are secure.
 Toads with their poison, doctors with their drug,

The priest and hedgehog in their robes are snug.
 Ev'n stilly woman has her warlike arts,
 Her tongue and eyes, her dreaded spear and darts.

But oh ! the bitter step-mother, and hard,
 To thy poor fenceless, naked child—the Bard,
 A thing unteachable in world's skill,
 And half an idiot too, more helpless still.
 No heels to bear him from the op'ning dun ;
 No claws to dig, his hated sight to shun ;
 No horns, but those by luckless Hymen worn,
 And those, alas ! not Amalthea's horns :
 No nerves olfact'ry, Mammon's trusty cur,
 Clad in rich dulness, comfortable fur,
 In naked feeling, and in aching pride,
 He bears th' unbroken blast from ev'ry side ;
 Vampyre booksellers drain him to the heart,
 And scorpion critics cureless venom dart.

Critics—appall'd I venture on the name,
 Those cut-throat bandits in the paths of fame :
 Bloody dissectors, worse than ten Monroes ;
 He hacks to teach, they mangle to expose.

His heart by causeless, wanton malice wrung,
 By blockheads' daring into madness stung ;
 His well-won bays, than life itself more dear,
 By miscreants torn, who ne'er one sprig must wear :
 Foil'd, bleeding, tortur'd in the unequal strife,
 The hapless Poet flounders on thro' life,
 Till fled each hope that once his bosom fir'd,
 And fled each Muse that glorious once inspir'd,
 Low sunk in squalid, unprotected age,
 Dead, even resentment, for his injur'd page,
 He heeds or feels no more the ruthless critic's rage !

So, by some hedge, the generous steed deceas'd,
 For half-starv'd snarling cure a dainty feast ;
 By toil and famine wore to skin and bone,
 Lie senseless of each tuggin bitch's son.

O Dulness ! portion of the truly blest ;
 Calm shelter'd haven of eternal rest !
 Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes
 Of Fortune's polar frost, or torrid beams.
 If mantling high she fills the golden cup,
 With sober, selfish ease they sip it up ;
 Conscious the bounteous meed they well deserve
 They only wonder "some folks" do not starve.
 The grave sage her thus easy picks his frog,

And thinks the mallard a sad, worthless dog,
 When disappointment snaps the clue of hope,
 And thro' disastrous night they darkling grope,
 With deaf endurance sluggishly they bear,
 And just conclude that "fools are Fortune's care."
 So, heavy, passive to the tempest's shocks,
 Strong on the sign-post stands the stupid ox.

Not so the idle Muses, mad-cap train,
 Not such the workings of their moon-struck brain;
 In equanimity they never dwell,
 By turns in soaring heav'n or vaulted hell.

I dread thee, Fate, relentless and severe,
 With all a Poet's, Husband's, Father's fear!
 Already one strong hold of hope is lost,
 GLENCAIRN, the truly noble, lies in dust;
 (Fled, like the sun eclips'd at noon appears,
 And left us darkling in a world of tears;)
 O! hear my ardent, grateful, selfish pray'r!
 FINTRA, my other stay, long bless and spare!
 Thro' a long life his hopes and wishes crown;
 And bright in cloudless skies his sun go down!
 May *bliss domestic* smooth his private path;
 Give energy to life, and sooth his latest breath,
 With many a filial tear circling the bed of death.

TO THE SAME,

ON RECEIVING A FAVOUR.

I CALL no goddess to inspire my strains,
 A fabled Muse may suit a bard that feigns;
 Friend of my life! my ardent spirit burns,
 And all the tribute of my heart returns,
 For boons accorded, goodness ever new,
 The gift still dearer, as the giver you.

Thou orb of day, thou other paler light!
 And all ye many sparkling stars of night;
 If aught that giver from my mind efface;
 If I that giver's bounty e'er disgrace;
 Then roll to me, along your wandering spheres,
 Only to number out a villain's years!

TO A GENTLEMAN

WHOM THE AUTHOR HAD OFFENDED.

THE friend whom wild from wisdom's way
 The fumes of wine infuriate send ;
 (Not moony madness more astray ;)
 Who but deplores that hapless friend ?

Mine was the insensate frenzied part,
 Ah why should I such scenes outlive ?
 Scenes so abhorrent to my heart !
 'Tis thine to pity and forgive.

TO A GENTLEMAN

WHO HAD SENT HIM A NEWSPAPER, AND OFFERED TO
CONTINUE IT FREE OF EXPENSE.

KIND Sir, I've read your paper through,
 And faith, to me, 'twas really new !
 How guess'd ye, Sir, what maist I wanted ?
 This monie a day I've grain'd and gaunted,
 To ken what French mischief was brewin ;
 Or what the drumblie Dutch were doing ;
 That vile doup-skelper, Emperor Joseph,
 If Venus yet had got his nose off ;
 Or how the collieshangie works
 Atween the Russians and the Turks
 Or if the Swede, before he halt,
 Would play anither Charles the Twalt ;
 If Denmark, any body spak o't ;
 Or Poland, wha had now the tack o't ;
 How cut-throat Prussian blades were hingin,
 How libbet Italy was singin ;
 If Spaniard, Portuguese, or Swiss,
 Where sayin or takin aught amiss
 Or how our merry lads at hame,
 In Britain's court kept up the game,
 How royal George, the Lord leuk o'er him .
 Was managing St. Stephen's quorum ;
 If sleekit Chatham Will was livin,
 Or glaikit Charlie got his nieve in ;
 How daddie Burke the plea was cookin,
 If Warren Hastings' neck was yeukin ;
 How cesses, stents, and fees were rax'd,

Or if bare a—ses yet were tax'd ;
 The news o' princes, dukes, and earls,
 Pimps, sharpers, bawds, and opera-gins ;
 If that daft buckie, Geordie W***a,
 Was threshin still at hiesies' tails,
 Or if he has grown oughtlins dousier,
 And no a perfect kintra coozer,
 A' this and mair I never heard of ;
 And but for you I might despair'd of
 So, gratefu', back your news I send you,
 And pray, a' guid things may attend you !

Ellisland, 1790.

SKETCH,

TO MRS. DUNLOP, ON A NEW YEAR'S DAY.

THIS day, Time winds the exhausted chain,
 To run the twelvemonth's length again ;
 I see the auld bauld-pated fellow,
 With ardent eyes, complexion sallow,
 Adjust the unimpair'd machine,
 To wheel the equal, dull routine.

The absent lover, minor heir,
 In vain assail him with their prayer ;
 Deaf as my friend, he sees them press,
 Nor makes the hour one moment less.
 Will you (the Major's with the hounds,
 The happy tenants share his rounds ;
 Coila's fair Rachel's care to-day,
 And blooming Keith's engaged with Gray)
 From housewife cares a minute borrow—
 That grandchild's cap will do to-morrow—
 And join with me a moralizing,
 This day's propitious to be wise in.
 First, what did yesternight deliver ?
 " Another year is gone for ever."
 And what is this day's strong suggestion,
 " The passing moment's all we rest on !"
 Rest on—for what do we here ?
 Or why regard the passing year ?
 Will time, amus'd with proverb'd lore,
 Add to our date one minute more ?
 A few days may—a few years must—
 Appear us in the silent dust.

Then is it wise to damp our bliss?
 Yes—all such reasonings are amiss!
 The voice of nature loudly cries,
 And many a message from the skies,
 That something in us never dies:
 That on this frail, uncertain state,
 Hang matters of eternal weight;
 That future life, in worlds unknown,
 Must take its hve from this alone;
 Whether as heavenly glory bright,
 Or dark as misery's woful night.—
 Since then, my honour'd, first of friends,
 On this poor being all depends;
 Let us the important *now* employ,
 And live as those that never die.
 Tho' you, with days and honours crown'd,
 Witness that filial circle round,
 (A sight life's sorrows to repulse,
 A sight pale envy to convulse,)
 Others now claim your chief regard;
 Yourself, you wait your bright reward.

THE AULD FARMER'S

NEW YEAR MORNING SALUTATION TO HIS AULD MARE, MAGGIE,

*On giving her the accustomed rip of corn to hansel
 in the New Year.*

A GUID NEW YEAR I wish thee, Maggie!
 Hae, there's a rip to thy auld baggie:
 Tho' thou's howe-backit, now, an' knaggie,
 I've seen the day
 Thou could hae gaen like onie staggie
 Out-owre the lay.

Tho' now thou's dowie, stiff, an' crazy,
 An' thy auld hide's as white's a daisy,
 I've seen thee dappl'd, sleek and glazie,
 A bonie gray;
 He should been tight that daur't to raise thee
 Ance in a day.

Thou ance was i' the foremost rank,
 A *jilly*, buirdly, steeve an' swank,
 An' set weel down a shapeless shank,
 As e'er tread yird,
 An' could hae flown out-owre a stank,
 Like onie bird.

It's now some nine-an'-twenty year,
 Sin' thou was my guid father's moor;
 He gied me thee, o' tocher clear,
 An' fifty mark;
 Tho' it was sma' 'twas weel-won gear,
 An' thou was stark.

When first I gaed to woo my *Jenny*,
 Ye then was trottin wi' your minnie;
 Though ye was trickie, slee, an' funnie,
 Ye ne'er was dounsie;
 But hamely, tawle, quiet, an' cannie,
 An' unco sonsie.

That day, ye pranced wi' muckle pride,
 When ye bure hame my bonie *bride*;
 An' sweet an' gracefu' she did ride,
 Wi' maiden air!
Kyle Stewart I could braggead wide,
 For sic a pair.

Though now ye dow but hoyte and hobbie,
 An' wintle like a saumont cobbie,
 That day ye was a jinker noble,
 For heels an' win'!
 An' ran them till they a' did wauble,
 Far, far behin'.

When thou an' I were young an' skeigh,
 An' stable meals at fair were dreigh,
 How thou wad prance, an' snore, an' skreigh,
 An' tak the road!
 Town's bodles ran, and stood abeigh,
 An' ca't thee mad.

When thou was corn't, an' I was mellow,
 We took the road ay like a swallow;
 At *Breeces* thou had ne'er a fellow,
 For pith an' speed;
 But ev'ry tale thou pay't them hollow
 Where'er thou gaed.

The sma', droop-rumpl't, hunter-cattle,
 Might aiblins waur't thee for a brattle;
 But sax Scotch miles, thou try't their mettle
 An' gar't them wha'le:
 Nae whip nor spur, but just a wattle
 O' saugh or hazel.

Thou was a noble *fittie-lan'*,
 As e'er in tug or tow was drawn!

Aft thoe an' I, in aught hours gaun,
 On guld March-weather,
 Hae turn'd sax rood beside our han'
 For days thegither.

Thou never braindg't, an' fech't, an' fliakit,
 But thy auld tail thou wad hae' whiakit,
 An' spread abreed thy weel-fill'd briaket,
 Wi' pith and pow'r,
 Tld spritty knowes wad rair't and ricket,
 An slypet owre.

When frosts lay lang, an' snaws were deep,
 An' threaten'd labour back to keep,
 I gied thy *cog* a weep-bit heap
 Aboon the thimmer;
 I kenn'd my *Maggie* wad na sleep
 For that, or stinner.

In cart or-car thou never restit;
 The steyest brae thou wad hae fac'd it:
 Thou never lap, and sten't and breastit,
 Then stood to blaw;
 But just thy step a wee thing hastit,
 Thou snoov't awa.

My *plough* is now thy bairn-time a';
 Four gallant brutes as e'er did draw;
 Forbye sax mae, I've sell't awa,
 That thou hast nurst;
 They drew me thretteen pund an' twa,
 The very warst.

Monie a sair daurk we twa hae wrought,
 An' wi' the weary wari' sought!
 An' monie an anxious day, I thought
 We wad be beat;
 Yet here to crazy age we're brought,
 Wi' something yet.

An' think na, my auld trusty servan',
 That now perhaps thou's less deservin,
 An' thy auld days may end in starvin,
 For my last *feu*,
 A heapit *stimpert*, I'll reserve ane
 Laid by for you.

We've worn to crazy years thegither;
 We'll toye about wi' ane anither;
 Wi' tendle care I'll flit thy tether
 To some hain'd rig,
 Where ye may nobly rax your sather,
 Wi' sma' fatigue.

THE DEATH AND DYING WORDS OF POOR MAILLIE,

THE AUTHOR'S ONLY FET TOWR.

An unco mournfu' Tale.

As Maillie an' her lambs thegither,
Where ae day nibbling on the tether,
Upon her cloot she coost a hitch,
An' owre she warsl'd in the ditch;
There, groaning, dying, she did lie,
When *Hughoc** he came doytin by.

Wi' glowrie een, an' lifted han's,
Poor *Hughoc* like a statue stan's;
He saw her days were near-hand ended,
But, waes my heart! he could na mend it!
He gaped wide, but naething spak,
At length poor *Maillie* silence brak.

"O thou, whase lamentable face,
Appears to mourn my wofu' case!
My dying words attentive hear,
An' bear them to my master dear.

"Tell him, if e'er again he keep
As muckle gear as buy a sheep,
O, bid him never tie them mair
Wi' wicked strings o' hemp or hair!
But ca' them out to park or hill,
An' let them wander at their will;
So may his flock increase, an' grow
To scores o' lambs, an' packs o' woo'!

"Tell him he was a master kin',
An' ay was guid to me and mine;
An' now my dying charge I gie him,
My helpless lambs I trust them wi' him.

"O, bid him save their harmless lives
Frae dogs, an' tods, an' butchers' knives!
But gie them guid cow-milk their fill,
Till they be fit to fend themsel;
An' tent them duly, e'en an' morn,
Wi' teats o' hay an' rips o' corn.

"An' may they never learn the gae
Of ither vile wantonfu' pets!
To sink thro' slaps, an' reave, an' steal,
At stacks o' pease, or stocks o' kail.
So may they, like their great forbears,
For manie a year come thro' the shears;
So wives will gie them bits o' bread,
An' bairns greet for them when they're dead.

"My poor toop-lamb, my son an' heir,
O, bid him breed him up wi' care!
An', if he live to be a beast,
To pit some havins in his breast!
An' warn him what I winna name,
To stay content wi' yowes at hame;
An' no to rin an' wear his cloots,
Like ither menseless, graceless brutes.

"An' niest my yowie, silly thing.
Gude keep thee frae a tether-string,
O, may thou ne'er forgather up
Wi' ony blastit, moorland toop;
But ah keep mind to moop an' mell
Wi' sheep o' credit like thyself!

"And now, my bairns, wi' my last breath,
I lea'e my blessin wi' you baith;
An' when you think upo' your mither,
Mind to be kin' to ane anither.

"Now, honest *Hughie*, dinna fail,
To tell my master a' my tale;
An' bid him burn this cursed tether,
An', for thy pains, thous'e get my blether."

This said, poor *Mailie* turn'd her head,
An' clos'd her een amang the dead.

POOR MAILIE'S ELEGY.

Lament in rhyme, lament in prose,
Wi' sant tears trickling down your nose;
Our bardie's fate is at a close,
Past a' remead;
The last sad cap-stane of his woes;
Poor *Mailie's* dead!

It's no the loss o' warl's gear;
That could see bitter draw the tear,
Or mak our bardie, dowie, wear
The mourning weed;
He's lost a friend and neebor dear
In *Mailie's* dead.

POEMS, CHIEFLY SCOTTISH.

Through a' the town she trotted by him,
 A lang half mile she could decry him;
 Wi' kindly bleat, when she did spy him,
 She ran wi' speed;
 A friend mair faithfu' ne'er cam nigh him,
 Than *Mailie* dead.

I wat she was a sheep o' sense,
 An' could behave hersel wi' mense;
 I'll say't she never brak a fence,
 Thro' thievish greed;
 Our bardie, lanely, keeps the spence
 Sin' *Mailie's* dead.

Or, if he wanders up the howe,
 Her living image in her yowe,
 Comes bleating to him, owre the knowe,
 For bits o' bread;
 An' down the briny pearls rowe,
 For *Mailie* dead.

She was nae get o' moorland tips,
 Wi' tawted ke an' hairy hips;
 For her forbears were brought in ships
 Frae yont the Tweed:
 A bonier fiesch ne'er cross'd the clips
 Than *Mailie* dead.

Was worth the man wha first did shape
 That vile, wanchancie thing—a rape!
 It maks guid fellows girn an gape,
 Wi' chockin bread;
 An' *Robin's* bonnet wave wi' crape,
 For *Mailie* dead.

O, a' ye bards on bonie Doon!
 An' who on Ayr your chanters tune!
 Come join the melancholious croon
 O' *Robin's* reed!
 His heart will never get aboon!
 His *Mailie* dead.

END OF VOL. I.

Baron of Timor.

